

COMMENTARY

Religion Without Tears

The Solitary

No Hope Except Exodus

Chronicles of the Lost:

American Series

My Beginnings

The Schools Fight Prejudice

Richard Beer-Hofmann

My Sister Hans—A Story

Build Palestine on Realities

France: A Nation Broods

From the American Scene—

My War with Sol Bloom

My Father's Russians

The Study of Man--

Polls on Anti-Semitism

IRWIN EDMAN ^{APR 19 1946}

PEARL BUCK

SHILOMO KATZ

CHARLES REZNIKOFF

MARC CHAGALL

MORDECAI GROSSMAN

ERICH KAHLER

JENNY M. KLEIN

AHAD HA'AM

BERNARD LECACHE

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

DAVID BERNSTEIN

SAMUEL H. FLOWERMAN

AND MARIE JAHODA

BOOKS IN REVIEW

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Norbert Guterman

David T. Bazelon

David Daiches

Alfred Werner

Sholom J. Kahn

Maurice Goldbloom

THE MONTH IN HISTORY

LETTERS

CEDARS OF LEBANON



COULD THIS BE YOUR HOUSE?

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But to fall for that temptation is plenty dangerous. It's like trying to live in the house above—a house that might come tumbling down about your ears at the first little blow of hard luck.

Right now the best possible way to keep

your finances in sound shape is to save regularly—by buying *U. S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Plan*.

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF COMMENTARY

What Sort of Individual?

William Orton

The author of *The Liberal Tradition* cuts under ideologies, and, taking a frank look at the average citizen of 1946—made in the image of industrial civilization and mass culture—wonders whether any individuals still exist. Have we become mere abstractions, with abstract thoughts, void of real human experience? A provocative contribution to the series "The Crisis of the Individual."

The Mountain Jews of the Caucasus

Fannina Halle

A firsthand report by a distinguished art historian and sociologist on one of the most unusual groups of Jews in the world—the descendants of the Khazars, ancient Mongol tribes converted to Judaism. Their life under the Soviets, against the background of their fascinating history.

The Conversion of Heine

Leo Lowenthal

The critic and social scientist probes the motives for Heine's conversion and throws fresh light on a perennially interesting problem. Dr. Lowenthal wrote "Terror's Atomization of Man" for our January issue.

The Candy Store

Rose Englander

Another Jewish institution in the American scene sits for its portrait, done by a young woman who spent a good part of her early years behind the counter. This is the second in a series of informal studies initiated by Ruth Glazer's "The Jewish Delicatessen Store."

Polish Jewry Amid the Rubble

Zachariah Shuster

Firsthand reports, official and unofficial, about the situation in Poland are sifted of special pleading and pieced together by Mr. Shuster to provide a rounded picture of one of the great sectors of Jewish life in the wake of catastrophe.

The Parachutists of Palestine

Marie Syrkin

One of the most amazing now-it-can-be-told stories of the war—how volunteers from Palestine, refugees from the Hitler terror, were selected, trained and finally dropped into Rumania and other occupied countries to lead grounded American bomber crews to safety, and to do other important liaison and intelligence work . . . and the story of Hanna Szenes, the most extraordinary parachutist of them all.

What the S.S. Taught Me About Anti-Semites *Bruno Bettelheim*

The University of Chicago psychologist asks us to profit by his personal experience with anti-Semites—gained the very hardest way, dealing with S.S. guards in the worst concentration camp in Germany.

COMMENTARY

INCORPORATING CONTEMPORARY JEWISH RECORD

RELIGION WITHOUT TEARS

Do Moderns Need an Other-Worldly Faith?

IRWIN EDMAN

ANYONE these days who reads at all must have noted certain winds of doctrine that are sweeping over the spiritual awareness of men. Writers and thinkers, many of them less than a decade or two ago celebrated for scepticism, materialism and atheism, are recanting and, as

IRWIN EDMAN is a philosopher and a teacher of philosophy—not only for the students of Columbia University, who crowd his classes, but for a wider audience nationally who read his books, his magazine articles, his criticism and poetry. "Religion Without Tears" represents his latest thought on a theme which has engaged him for many years, and on which he wrote his widely discussed book, *The Contemporary and His Soul*. He has been Professor of Philosophy at Columbia since 1935, and he was visiting lecturer at Harvard in 1944. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines, chiefly to *Harper's*, the *New York Times Magazine*, the *New Yorker*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and the *American Scholar*, of which he is an editor and for which he writes the regular department, "Under Whatever Sky." Some of his books are: *Human Traits and Their Social Significance*, 1920; *Poems*, 1925; *Richard Kane Looks at Life*, 1926; *Adams, the Baby and the Man from Mars*, 1929; *The Mind of Paul*, 1935; *Four Ways of Philosophy*, 1937; *Philosopher's Holiday*, 1938; *Candle in the Dark*, 1939; *Arts and the Man*, 1939; *Fountainheads of Freedom*, 1941. He was born in 1896 in New York City.

one will, retreating or moving forward to points of view mystical, orthodox and other-worldly. There is the famous instance of Aldous Huxley, and of his fellow Briton (also settled in Hollywood), Christopher Isherwood. There is the recent example of Franz Werfel whose novel, *The Song of Bernadette*, was, as fiction and as film, regarded as first rate (as it was apparently sincere) propaganda for Catholicism. There have been flights to orthodoxies Protestant, Jewish and Catholic, and turnings by Westerners to Hindu and Buddhist traditions. Even where there has not been a turn to traditional religion, there has been at least the espousing of philosophies hardly to be distinguished from religions, like the cult of Existentialism in France, and in America, with its borrowed trappings of German exaltations of a realm of inner and eternal values, and categorical obligation.

It is easy to psychoanalyze and to socio-analyze these outpourings and propagandas for dogmas, for mysticism, for over-beliefs. The explanations are plausible and facile. It is no news that we are in a stage of transition, probably as acute and rapid a one as the human race has ever known. It is no news either that the tensions and keyed-up energies of a war period, when the war is ended, are followed by disillusion, empti-

ness, and something between despair about the natural world and a vague hunger for a supernatural one, all radiance and calm. Many have suffered deeply, some irreparably. We who survive have lived on into a dubious peace. "A world elsewhere," is exactly what many of the current spiritual nostrums promise. If *this* world is full of strife and divisions, then one should become one with the eternal, where all is a blissful unity, a mystic *one*.

The historical minded recall at once other periods in the world's history when men turned away from the actual scene before them, to dreams elsewhere. By the beginning of the Christian era, there were current throughout the Greco-Roman world mystery religions, private societies in which the initiate could by some mystical rite or ecstatic conversion escape from the pressures of time and circumstance into timelessness and salvation. They could become one with the one, they could be filled with the deathless godhead, they could "put on" immortality. There were mystical sects even among the usually realistic Jews, of whom the Hasidim are the most famous. From the ancient world until the present day, there have been recurrent cults of mystical rapture, of flights to the beyond, of escapes to eternity.

Such "failures of nerve" have always been irritations to the healthy-minded, to the rationalistic, to the empirical. But especially in the modern period, sober, sensible, candid minds have been suspicious of all intemperate enthusiasms, apocalyptic confusions, religious sentimentalisms. More than ever there has been a distrust of the mystic in religion, the romantic in morals, the vaguely poetic in spiritual aspiration. The climate of imagination among the educated has become increasingly scientific and increasingly secular. The methods of inquiry that have proved so fruitful in the physical sciences have been to the educated liberal intelligence the hope and reliance for the regulation of social affairs and political affairs. Before World War I, the hope of mankind seemed to lie in the application of responsible intelligence to the organiza-

tion of society and of the individual life. Even the subtle problems of personal happiness seemed amenable to control by scientific medicine extended to the realm of the psychological. The future happiness of mankind seemed to lie, to many of us it still seems to lie, in the careful and studied control of our own resources, both physical and social. And the uprush of cults of ecstasy, or ritualism, or dogma have seemed dangerous truantries from rational practice.

BUT even the most enthusiastic believers in the transformations possible to humanity through the extension of scientific method have been given pause these last harried years, and are given pause now. The dream of happiness has faded, and neither gadgets nor psychoanalysis have seemed to yield security or hope in a world still dominated by power politics, the latter now armed with the atomic bomb. In the first place scientific method seems to have advanced far more effectively in the realm of physical things than in the realm of social control. The chasm between the effectiveness of the arrangements for world peace and of the arrangements for world destruction is great enough to be frightening. Intelligent organization of the peoples of the world and of their chances for happiness seem as remote as ever. Technique has outrun moral mastery.

There has been disillusion with the prospects of happiness through science, but that is not enough to account for the flight chiefly to ersatz religions. Here is something deeper and older than either the two World Wars or the atomic bomb. It is often remarked that some of the keenest and most sceptical of modern intelligences have of late turned to fleeing the world. The reason is not, I think, far to seek. The philosophies based on scientific method and scientific analysis have appeared to render conventional theologies and traditional moral systems empty and sterile without providing anything in their place. By providing anything in their place I do not mean rival theologies or substitute absolutes in

conduct. What I mean is simply this: Whatever may be said in criticism of the logic or the validity of traditional religions and traditional moralities, they did at least provide answers to certain basic human hungers. They did satisfy the desire to have some significance beyond the trivial, some sanction and justification of conduct beyond the immediately pleasurable and practical, some light in which and by which life might be illumined and conduct given validity.

From the 18th century to the present time, there has always existed a healthy-minded liberal intellectual class to whom philosophies founded on a belief in mechanism and in the ultimacy of matter and motion have been sufficient for an understanding of the conditions of life and of its most generous possibilities. The philosophies of the French Revolution and its immediate predecessors saw in the control of matter by man the grand prospect of human progress. John Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte echoed the 18th century ideas of progress, control, the mastery of nature in the interest of human welfare. H. G. Wells was a late plagiarizer of a like notion in *The Research Magnificent*.

But today, as in the 19th century, materialistic and mechanistic philosophies have at important points appeared inadequate to sensitive spirits and to reflective minds. If anything, of late the dissatisfaction with pure mechanism and pure materialism has grown even more acute. In a society increasingly dominated by things and threatened by them, an account of the universe seems a poor thing which leaves out, or seems to leave out, what human beings chiefly value—the intimations of truth, goodness and beauty in their lives. The saints and the prophets still seem to say more than is relevant to human personality, to its hopes, its aims, its aspirations than do the bleak formulas of the mechanists and the behaviorists. The formulas of the engineer, the chemist and the medical technician leave something unexpressed, and the techniques of all of them make no adequate

statements of the ends that give point to our ever more ingenious means. What more natural than that the harassed contemporary mind should turn away from these neat formulas which, for all their clarities, do not remove chaos from our values, from these efficiencies which bring us no nearer any goals and no nearer to knowing what our goals are?

IF THE world of science remains alien to our inmost spiritual needs, where shall we turn? Well, in this age as in previous ones, those who are disillusioned by the formulas and disinherited by the symbols and traditions of the religious past, turn in whatever direction they see a gleam of meaning, hope or consolation. Intellectuals are repeatedly discovering that though they may think they have outgrown theology, they are still in need of religion, of—in the old yet still pregnant phrase—a faith by which to live. They find it as best they may, and in whatever terms it most persuasively offers itself. Many in our generation have lost confidence in the hope provided by science, and no longer have the faith once valid to their ancestors. It does not follow that they need no faith at all. They are more desperately in need of it than before. They are, apparently at least, on the horns of a dilemma. They have the choices of scientificism which gives them no grounds for hope, and a traditional creed to which they can no longer assent.

The dilemma is intellectual, and this explains, I think, why solutions are frequently sought by a revolt against intellectualism altogether. Where the mind offers alternatives between a morally meaningless world, and a spiritually meaningful world in which one cannot believe, there is a desperate seduction in a new offering of a special ecstatic insight, the chance at a poetic escape into a seamless, mindless eternity. A bath in mystical oneness, for some, a blessed anodyne. As in the lines of A. E. Housman:

*But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,*

*And when they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.*

The new cults of mysticism at least give surcease from thinking; they provide or seem to provide sesames to protoplasmic peace.

Other escapes are sought in less obviously non-intellectual ways, but anti-rational ones none the less. There is the cult itself, the reassertion of the basic importance of ritual in religion. The sharing of a common ceremonial hallowed by tradition removes one of the curses of the modern world, the sense of belonging nowhere, of having no bonds or attachments, of being a bleak anonymity in a vast megalopolis. Even the retreat to dogma is often an unintellectual or even an anti-intellectual one. It is a flight to authority; it obviates the necessity of coming to one's own even bleak conclusions. And dogma, too, has the comfort of something like a return to the womb. This is where we began, this is where we belong, this is deeply what we are.

There is no doubt that mysticism, ritual and dogma have been assuagements for many persons of a sense of insecurity, of loneliness and emptiness in the modern world. But the surcease is, I think, precarious and often illusory. It is too often a narcosis, not a solution. But the organization of human relations, and of nations, has just begun and only of late years has medicine been applied to what may be still called the ills of the soul. There is discouragement in all conscience in the fact that the greatest triumphs of productivity and ingenuity have been achieved under the pressure of war, and the most revolutionary of scientific miracles has been the application of nuclear physics to destruction via the atomic bomb. But the hope of mankind still lies in the immense prospect of human intelligence resolutely and knowingly applied to the problems of humanity itself. The despair over the future of mankind is an act of cowardice, a want of faith in the possibilities that man's own ingenuity has opened up to him. The first rehabilitation necessary

is a revival of faith in man's own potentialities and in man's own hopes.

THE lack of confidence in these lies in the fact that by a century-old diffidence men have not trusted their own ideals unless these came from a world beyond this world. But when it is realized, as Lucretius long ago realized, that the most generous and flowering of human values are growths of these same natural energies out of which plants and animals grow, a wonderful resurgence both of human hope and of cosmic piety is possible. It is not necessary to *prove* the existence of nature or to demonstrate that out of these protoplasmic energies flower all that we have and are and hope. It is absurd to feel rootless when we are rooted in the creative and eternal regenerations of nature. The formulas by which nature is controlled are by no means the immense vitality of nature itself. The "alien world" sentimentally bemoaned by those who have lost conventional religion is a bogey-man invented by those who live intellectually by conventional science.

Indeed a candid and unashamed naturalism is nearer the permanent values of traditional religion than are most routine lip services to it, and far nearer to prophetic insight than are the ersatz escapes to mysticism and verbal dogmas and ritual for routine's sake. I think indeed it may be said that acceptance of man's natural place in a natural world will help both Jews and Christians to recover some of the genuine spiritual insights and moral resources of their inherited traditions. Ritual itself comes to have a meaning and a value when one begins to appreciate how closely, for instance, the harvest festivals of Judaism were the spiritual recognition of a secular fact. Commandments are what the Lord enjoined, but the prophets cited the Lord as commanding what wisdom of human experience enjoined. The dogmas of both Christianity and Judaism are transcriptions of facts encountered and truths discovered in actual experience and in the natural world. Even mysticism has its values which an ac-

ceptance of the world may incorporate. The Hasidim, for instance, accented the fact of joy, and freed from hasty desperations, even in an evil time, the free spirit may find infinite resources of vision in the divine possibilities of nature and her gifted and wayward child, man.

A REALIZATION of the natural source of the deepest and highest commitments will overcome, secondly, the famed 19th century sense of rootlessness in the world that existed in the agonized intellectuals of that period. It was chiefly bewailed by those who had at once lost conventional religion and were living by conventional science. The formulas of physical science are, as we have suggested, not the whole of nature; they are the instrumentalities by which we can control the regularities of nature for human uses.

But nature itself is not a set of formulas; it is a vast encompassing life; it is nearer to what we feel in our heartbeats or in our passions than it is to the charts of the statistical expert or the laboratory technician. A genuine sense of the immense fertilities and eternal regenerations of nature constitutes one of the most cogent possible answers to the easy pessimisms of those who find nature bleak and negative. Every sign of growth, a harvest, a growing child, the creativeness of poets and musicians, the birth of love, all these are not proofs that nature is all good. They are demonstrations, however, that all goods lie in nature, and that nature perennially reasserts vitality and creation. Psychiatrists and anthropologists could possibly throw considerable light on the reasons why men will not trust their own most idealistic impulses and their own most magnanimous aspirations. But one explanation lies surely in the fact that there has long been bred in the human imagination a distrust of anything tainted with the material, the fleshly, the earthly. A creature who realizes his existence is dust unto dust has not had much respect even for the immortal longings in him.

The first step needed in the rehabilitation

of the human faith in candidly human values is a rediscovery of the reach and scope of human nature itself. "What a work is man . . . in apprehension how like a god," said Hamlet. And it is all the more, not the less, inspiring that these godlike qualities of man are the flowerings of natural processes themselves. Ideals, aspirations, visions of happiness and justice are energies blossoming in the same manner as plants do, growths to fulfilment like that of a colt into a horse, a child into a man. Such a realization would overcome a long artificially-bred disdain for nature, would make possible a wonderful resurgence of both human hope and cosmic poetry. Swinburne's words are rhetorical, but none the less suggestive:

*And the love song of earth as thou diest
resounds on the wind of her wings,
With glory to man in the highest, for man
is the master of things.*

Even the dogmas of Christianity and those, considerably less formal and exact, of Judaism can be cherished by a mind resolutely determined to stay within the orbit of what knowledge reveals and earth shows. Even theological ideas may be transcriptions of facts encountered and truths discovered in actual experience and in the natural world. Filial piety is a familiar human emotion. It becomes sanctified by a commandment, but the commandment simply dignifies what human beings deeply feel. Envy is forbidden by traditional command. Psychiatrists now report very late what essential human wisdom and traditional religion early taught, that envy is a corrosive and destroying acid in the soul, a destroyer of well-being.

IT is argued by some that there is one dogma of religion, both Jewish and Christian, that is not available to bring comfort to those who deny supernatural truths. That is the doctrine that God's beneficent purpose, God's concern for man, gives meaning and significance to life which it could not have on any other basis. It is not my

purpose here to raise all the age-old controversy as to whether God exists or whether His beneficent purposes are attested by Nature. I wish rather to point out simply that a sense of meaning, of value, of purpose can be found in existence without recourse to any world beyond that which scientific knowledge reveals.

IF WE regard all human ideals as possibilities that nature suggests and sustains, a new sense of significance comes to us. The "meaning of life" is not something laid down in advance, which we willy-nilly fill by prescription. Nature is full of challenges to achieve meaning. There is not one meaning to life; there are as many as human invention and human imagination can dream of and find the ingenuity to realize. The capacity to dream and the knowing power to accomplish are both themselves within the native scope of man. The significance of existence lies in all the varied facets of possibility that lie open to man's equipment of natural resourcefulness and vision.

There is not *one* overarching value to life, there are as many as human sensibility can discriminate. Values are not given; they are discovered and they are created. There are, perhaps, some persons who temperamentally feel they must have everything they hold dear in experience, the loveliness of music or painting, the warmth of affection, the joys of understanding bound into one single comprehensive good. But more and more human beings, I think, welcome the diversity of human experience. They ask only that the variety of human goods and earthly values contribute to a harmony of living rather than to inner personal tensions and outer social conflicts. The values of existence are many, and their very manyness may in personal lives contribute to hysteria

and ruin. But what is needed is not a counsel of escape into an emptiness called Nirvana or the Absolute. Rather the challenge is to an ordering of personal life through intelligent understanding so that the varied riches of human values may blend and fuse into a rich and vital happiness. And the challenge, too, is the making of a social order in which individuals may come to diversified felicities.

Individual lives cannot be ordered except in an ordered society. There cannot be healthy souls in a sick commonwealth. Thus, the central challenge to a naturalistic philosophy is that of a society harmonized through intelligence.

The human adventure comes to be dignified and serious because it is, as recent desperate events have shown, of necessity a cooperation. Our fates are not soliloquies. We are all, in the fine old phrase of St. Paul's, "members of one another." So on the basis simply of the facts of social existence, candidly recognized, an old and familiar religious notion can once more transfigure life and contribute to its dignity and meaning. The mystical sense that once declared us all the children of God can now find realization in the awareness of our common humanity. The sadness that comes from the recognition that individual life ends with the grave is mitigated for any generous mind by the continuity of the adventure of mankind, and the participation, even if briefly, in the shape of things to come.

Even such mystical joy as the Hasidim, the ancient mystical sect of the Jews, made the core of their lives has a possible basis without tears or falsehood. There is joy in the possibilities of any actual life, and a deeper joy that comes with a sense of sharing the whole and endless adventure of mankind.

THE SOLITARY

We Must be One Family

PEARL BUCK

THIS article is the fifth in the series, "The Crisis of the Individual," which already includes articles by Reinhold Niebuhr, Leo Lowenthal, Hannah Arendt and John Dewey, published in previous issues. The series aims to find out what answers a number of leading thinkers here and abroad can offer to this basic issue of our times.

The physical and spiritual dignity of the human being have in this age been debased on a scale and in a measure unprecedented for

centuries. "Why?" "Where did Western civilization go wrong?" "Is the crisis due to the abuse of technology, the failure of religion—or what?"

THESE are among the questions the series will try to answer. Future contributors to the series will include: Leo S. Baeck, Martin Buber, Irwin Edman, Waldo Frank, Louis Finkelstein, André Gide, Sidney Hook, Hans Kohn and William Orton.—Ed.

NO ONE sees in its entirety the globe upon which we human beings live. To some, this home of ours swinging in space is primarily a globe, a conglomerate sphere of material composition upon which some small human insects stir. To others, the conglomerate sphere is as

incidental, although as necessary, as a house is for a family. The family does not exist for the house, but the house for the family, and the better the house is for the health and comfort of the family, the better it fulfills its purpose, which is always secondary to the human life it contains and supports.

I am one of those who believe that human life is the most important thing upon our globe, and even in the universe. Until I know there is something better and higher in development and potentiality, for me the human being is the highest in creation. Therefore I ponder what it is that can make this human being his best and that means his happiest self. What are his primary needs? How can he reach his utmost satisfaction?

PEARL BUCK, Nobel prize winner in 1938, considers that she has one interest above all at this time—to say to all men and women everywhere that "we are all responsible for one another everywhere." Through all her works and all her activities these themes are dominant—the insistence that the human being is the one great value, his welfare the world over the only worthwhile concern, and active faith in the brotherhood of man the only solution to our global ills. She has given much of her life to helping oppressed peoples in their struggles; and at the same time she has never hesitated to be very frank with "minorities" about what she considers their failings. Perhaps her best known book is *The Good Earth*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. Among her other novels are: *East Wind-West Wind*, *Sons*, *A House Divided*, *The Exile* and *Dragon Seed*. She has been president of the East and West Association since 1941. She was born in Hillsboro, West Virginia, in 1892, educated at Randolph-Macon College (B. A. 1914), Cornell and Yale. She taught in China at the University of Nanking and at the Southeastern University there. She lives in New York City and Perkasio, Pennsylvania, and is the wife of the publisher, Richard Walsh.

He is a strange composite, this human being. He is continually bogged down and hampered by his physical needs. He has to be fed every day, he has to have air to breathe, he cannot live in too high or too low a temperature, although he is increasingly clever in providing for himself the right climate. The possibilities for his creature comfort today are fantastic. In the tropics he can live in coolness, and in the Arctic he can live in summery warmth. Foods he can grow without soil, and he has found nourishment and vitality in

chemicals. The diseases which threaten his flesh he is attacking, one by one, until his life span, in the fortunate countries, has tripled. He knows that anything is within the range of his possible knowledge, even that most solemn and vast question of what happens to him after he dies at last. He sees the endless vista of his own development, and yet with all this, the human being today is more unhappy, more lost, than he has ever been in all history. Even while he sees his life span lengthen, he feels that life is increasingly threatened, and the miracles which he works only leave him more sad and more fearful for himself. It is no comfort to the human being that he has cracked the atom and uncovered the kernel of energy in the universe. He is only terrified by what he has done. In his soul he regrets his knowledge. He wishes that God, if there is a God, had kept these mighty secrets for His own.

What is the matter with the human being? Why is he unhappy and afraid? He hides himself behind cynicism, but when was cynicism anything except a cloak for fear and unhappiness?

THE matter is this: the human being values above all else himself. Himself means his own individual being. If he gains everything else and loses himself, what use is that else to him? The human being today is frightened and unhappy because he does not feel his individual self is secure. The atmosphere of the world is increasingly threatening to him as an individual. He dreads movements and causes and policies and all large sweeping forces, lest his self be consumed. He clings to his own being. He tries to find some promise somewhere that what is himself can continue individual and his own. He finds no promise anywhere. He is lost. In his terror he tries to find a few whose interests and sufferings are like his own, at least to a degree enough to afford some communication and sympathy. He is desolate with loneliness, and he allies himself to a few others somehow.

But this little cluster of lonely individuals

is still lost. Whether they number a dozen or a million or ten million they are still lost. They are only an enlargement of the lonely individual. The lonely individual today may be one veteran in his home town, or the remnant of the Jews, desperately trying to salvage themselves.

This human being, whether he is one solitary or a group solitary, is frantically trying to discover where he can belong. The phenomenal increase in church membership, especially in the Catholic church, shows that he rushes to hide his head under religious sands. He is often happier in the Catholic church than in the Protestant, because he needs individual strength to be a Protestant. The Protestants believe that a man must make his own direct relationship with God. But it takes a certain amount of courage first to believe in God and then to face Him and make communication with Him. The Catholic church is more merciful. It provides an intermediary between the timid human being and God. The human being looks on the face of the priest, who is only a little lower than the angels, and finds not so much divinity there as can terrify him. Moreover, the priest speaks his language, in words he can hear and understand, and God speaks in more mysterious ways. Still better, the responsibility for understanding God is on the priest, and not on the human being. If the priest makes mistakes, it is not the human being's fault. The sands of the Catholic church are warm and comforting to the shelterless human head.

In exactly the same way the human being, in his terror, may give himself up to a political creed. Or he may give himself up to nothing more than a labor union, which can take the place of religion. Within the group, whatever fold it be, the individual can get the illusion of shelter and safety. He avoids the knowledge that it is an illusion and he clings to temporary safety. He dreads knowing the truth, which is that no group today is more safe than the single individuals it contains. There is no possible safety for any group, whether racial, national or political, so long as there is no safety in

the world for the individual, because the individual group is only the enlargement of the individual being, and it is individuality itself which is in danger.

WHAT is the danger? What makes the individual afraid? It is, quite literally, the fear and danger of physical death, and with it the end of the individual. Death was once a remote cessation of life. It came properly after years, when the desire for life had faded slowly, so that dying was simply dropping into sleep. Even then sleep was not eternal, or so religions have always taught. Whether religions are right or wrong is not to the point. The fact is that most of the people in the world have been influenced by religion, in one way or another. The probabilities are, they have thought, that there is something to the idea of God and Heaven. At least there was the chance.

But death now has become something completely arbitrary. It can come at any moment, from any side. An enraged neighbor in another nation can drop a bomb which will put an end to thousands of us in a second. Yet bombs are not more awful than the power which a group of armed men can exercise. The human being is at the mercy of the very forces which he created for his own protection and comfort. Death is no longer remote or natural.

It is idle to say that individuals do not fear death. Anyone who has seen a battlefield, or watched a famine or been in a concentration camp knows that the average individual becomes a mere beast when he is faced daily with the possibility of death. Only the rare human being can maintain his dignity in such circumstances, and we call him a hero. The love of physical life is primary in the human being and this is necessary, else the dark circumstances of his life would drive him to seek his own death too easily for the preservation of the species.

With the hope of keeping himself alive as long as he can, he joins his group, or he makes a group about himself. It is purely for the protection of his individual being. If he helps others in his group, it is with

the hope that they will help him. The group seeks to strengthen itself, to arm itself against any other groups who threaten. If it does not actually arm itself against others, it does the equivalent in trying to establish for itself priorities in food and shelter. Thus today in the same way, Communists and Capitalists fight for themselves, and Catholics and Protestants enlarge and strengthen their numbers. Labor unions are organized consciously for the welfare of labor union members at any cost to other groups anywhere. Jews are organizing with new zeal for the relief of their own people, although other minorities are as badly off and are indeed suffering in far greater numbers. Nations are more nationalistic than ever.

All such groups—and there are many more than I have named—organizing for the purpose of making their own members more secure—are nevertheless making all human beings, including themselves, actually far less secure than ever before. There is no central morality in any of them which will reach beyond their own individuals, no morality which will grant the right of individuals other than their own to survive. If food is short, for example, there is no morality which will divide food fairly among all. Europe is to be fed at the expense of Asia. Jewish children are to be salvaged rather than the children of India. Yet Europe is not safe unless Asia is fed, and Jewish children are not safe unless Indian children are also safe.

IT is the world we must make safe before any individual can be made safe. Group definitions must be broken down before any individual can be safe. A man cannot be safe today because he belongs to the capitalist class or a labor union, nor because he is white and not black. He can only be safe when he lives in a world where he is safe because he is a human being.

His difficulty is that there is no one to create such a world for him. He has to create it himself. God^a may have created the garden of Eden, but the man Adam and Eve, his wife, have been struggling ever

since to create a world where they could live safely and not see their children killed by the wild beasts. Such a creation seems further off than ever today. The wild beasts now include monstrosities of a science devoted to destruction rather than the preservation of mankind. The modern devil is not a wily serpent but the militarist mentality, deceiving us with the inevitabilities of new wars.

Wars are inevitable so long as the individual human being tries to find his security in the group. With group against group, in the same unvarying pattern, wars will go on. Somehow or other the individual must be forced to realize that his own safety will begin only when he himself in the utmost reach of his own mind can think in terms of the human being wherever and whoever he is. In other words, the individual must think at once more and less of himself; more, because he needs to know that he represents the total value of the human race, and less, because he is only one among millions of others as valuable as he. He is the unit of the whole, impressive in his individuality, and yet no more impressive than any other.

What force can be devised which will so enlarge the mind of the individual that he will perceive himself as a human being, one among others? Religion might have done it, had the power of religion not been seized by unscrupulous persons throughout history and so often that religion itself has been more divisive than any other force. The idea of the chosen people has not been peculiar, actually, to the Hebrew religion, but wherever it has been found, it has been catastrophic in its effect upon peace and morality.

There is no other force that could have so easily brought into actual life the practice of what is commonly called the brotherhood of man as that of the religions which have only professed it. All have professed it and none have practiced it. Communism has professed it too, but practices it only for those who adopt the political creed. Whenever these exclusions have been allowed—"Except ye believe, etc."—the result has been

only the same narrow groups, one set against the other, all dangerous to the life of the individual human being, both within and without their folds.

No, there have been and perhaps there still are no forces strong enough to bring wisdom to the mind of the ordinary human individual. He is born without wisdom. Alas that a child cannot inherit wisdom as he does the color of his eyes! Then might we know that wisdom is increasing on the earth.

BUT I have hope of one force, and it is the same old force, the instinct for self-preservation. The human being still clings to his own life. However hateful it is, it is the thing he loves best. Perhaps now in his ultimate danger, he will see that his own small group cannot save him. Perhaps now he is beginning to understand that if he wants to be safe himself he will have to see that others are safe, too, and that his group must be the whole of mankind, and not merely those of his own skin color or those who believe in the same God. When the weakest, feeblest human creature has shelter and food and care, then the strongest is safe, and the strongest is not safe until the weakest is safe. We are dependent upon one another in deep and unchanging ways.

How shall this safety be provided? First, I think, by making common the essentials of life. It is dangerous, for example, for each of us, that some of us starve. Food, like air, ought to be free for all. There may be luxuries of taste which can provide rewards for the industrious but plain and basic food should be free. Bread and butter and milk and meat and vegetables and fruit should never be paid for, neither bought nor sold, but free as water and air are free. Shelter, too, ought to be there for those who have none—not the luxuries of shelter and the rewards of refinement, but warmth and a roof for those who have not, until they can have. These two simplicities alone would remove the most fundamental causes for fear among human beings. How would they be paid for? In the way that anything is

paid for in any country, by common labor and money.

For the human being to know that he and those he loves will never starve or die for lack of food or shelter would be to remove basic insecurity from most of the people in the world. And when insecurity is removed the necessity for group protection will be removed. When the necessity for group protection is removed, wars will no longer be inevitable, and the last great threat to the individual will be gone. It is a circular process. The individual must think of all other individuals as equally deserving with him of life, and then he must move to make life possible for all. When life is possible for all then it is also possible for him.

THE question now is who can be the leaders in this way of thinking. We seem always to need leaders, we human beings. Someone steps ahead, and the rest of us see and follow, or we see and do not follow. Our choice lies in whether we will or will not follow.

If I were to name the ones who should be the leaders today in this great necessary movement for a humanism as strong and as far-reaching as all mankind, I must name the Jews. The Jews have suffered more than

any other group in humanity, with the sole exception of women, throughout history. I should say women ought to be the leaders, except that the Jews have recently suffered so acutely and in so spectacular a fashion that they have some advantage over all other groups as leaders. The plea of the Jew today ought not to be: "Help us for we have suffered so much." It ought to be something far greater and more powerful. It ought to be this: "We have suffered so much that we above all others have the right to help all who suffer." Did the Jews today come out as such leaders then there might be hope that in this world they too would be safe.

I am one of those who are not afraid of the simplicities. I never saw a complexity solved until the simplicity in it was found and faced and met. There is no problem in our world today which is too complex for solution, provided we are willing to face the simplicity of it. But those who profit from complexity must first be set aside. Luckily they are the few. The common man is usually not found among them. And it is the common man who stands to gain most from the brotherhood of man.

As a Chinese put it to me the other day, "It is not enough to be one world. We must be one family."

NO HOPE EXCEPT EXODUS

Does History Spell the Doom of Western Jewry?

SHLOMO KATZ

The invitation to abandon illusions regarding [a] situation is an invitation to abandon a situation which has need of illusions.

—Karl Marx.

THE recent statement of Lieutenant General Morgan, head of the German Division of UNRRA, that the remaining Jews of Poland are plotting an exodus from Europe, provoked a storm of protest so tragi-comic in its implications as to leave one in despair. The burden of the protests, after one discards the rhetorical name-calling, always a weapon of the weak and the helpless, was that, whatever the Jews of Poland might be planning or doing, exodus was furthest from their thoughts. True, European Jews were on the move; it is true they would like to migrate to fairer or warmer continents; it is likewise true that the surviving remnant could not humanly return to the scenes of their mar-

TO MANY the thesis presented here by SHLOMO KATZ will seem purely personal. But it represents a point of view seriously held by many Jewish leaders, chiefly within the Zionist orbit, in America, as well as in Europe and Palestine. Certainly there is a no more hotly and seriously debated issue in Jewish life today than that of "exodus." The case against "exodus" was presented by Zachariah Shuster in his article, "Must the Jews Quit Europe?" in the December COMMENTARY. Mr. Katz brings an experience of many varied aspects of modern Jewish life to bear on his subject. Born in the Ukraine in 1909, and raised in the United States, he spent several years in a *kibbutz* (agricultural commune) in Palestine. From 1936 to 1942 he was managing editor of *Jewish Frontier*, organ of the American Labor Zionists, then served four years in the Army Air Forces, two of which were passed in Alaska where he acted as a Russian interpreter. Now he is back in civilian life, earning his living by free-lancing.

tyrdom to resume spinning the thread of everyday communal existence. The protests readily admitted and stressed all these facts.

But between the lines one caught the refrain of a slightly hysterical plea: Please call the migration of Europe's Jews what you wish, but do not call it *exodus*. The word is dynamite. Deep within our consciousness, covered by countless layers of apologetics, bromides, patent medicines, and furious faiths, we bear a horrible suspicion and with it a millennial fear that in the long run no Jewish community in the Diaspora is exempt from the logic of Jewish history. The mention of a Jewish exodus from Europe blasts the protective coverings that conceal our fear and shows us inwardly trembling.

Especially depressing was the fact that even Zionists, who theoretically should be outspoken exponents of exodus at certain historical crises, with but few exceptions failed to meet the challenge courageously by declaring frankly that the historical situation requires a complete exodus from Europe if the Jewish problem there is to be solved. Willy-nilly, one is reminded of an earlier, more "backward" Jewish generation in Europe which nevertheless showed somewhat greater courage.

I believe it is permissible to quote a short dialogue from Sholom Aleichem which is really more apt and revealing than any number of scientific treatises. The Jewish inhabitants of two Ukrainian towns fleeing from pogroms met on the road and exchanged the following profound pleasantries:

"Whither bound, fellow Jews?"

"A business mission."

"What? An entire community on a business mission?"

"And what about you? Aren't you an entire community?"

"But who said we are on a business mission?"

"If not on a business mission, then where are you going?"

"We're not going. We're running."

"Now you're talking. And who said we weren't running?"

Granted that the Jews of Kasrievke were perhaps frank only with each other. Possibly had a Ukrainian Gentile met them in their flight and queried them as to their doings, they also might have hedged by insisting that they were not running—that it was not an exodus, only a business mission. Otherwise the Ukrainian might, God forbid, have felt insulted that his humanitarian intentions and capacity were thus doubted.

JEWs of Eastern Europe, Jews of Poland are running. The headlong, frantic nature of the flight represents the culmination of a historical process. If spokesmen in the United States and England seek to represent it as a tame movement of refugees instead of an elemental force, the motivation stems from the inherent insecurity of the position of the Jews even in these two countries. To express openly the need for an exodus from any part of Western civilization would be tantamount to a vote of no confidence in their non-Jewish neighbors; naturally, no minority can afford to jeopardize its position to that extent. In a world where the cynical use of force is the rule rather than the exception, such a frank avowal on the part of any minority is a luxury not to be thought of for a moment.

The dilemma of the Jewish minority differs from that of other minority groups in this: whereas the latter are always confronted with a circumscribed and well-defined opponent, such as a ruling nation or a ruling class, Jews, because of their dispersion, are in the status of a minority in relation to civilization. Stirrings within the Jewish group of one country cannot pass unnoticed in countries hundreds of miles

removed. The ancient declaration that "Jews are responsible for each other," uttered many centuries ago, thus finds an application in the modern Western world of which its authors had never dreamed.

THE minor tempest aroused by the statement of Lieutenant General Frederick Morgan is but a reflection of a much broader discussion of the question of exodus that has been carried on very frankly "among one's own," that is, in the Yiddish press. And it is characteristic of the reasoning of the opponents of an exodus from Europe that they base their arguments not so much on the realistic facts or the practicality of the plan as on its implications for Western Europe and America. "If the European world of the Renaissance, of humanism, of habeas corpus . . . is really as ugly and hopeless as we are told, then what are we basing our hopes on? Is the Hudson holier than the Thames or the Tiber or the Seine?" asks S. Poliakov in the *Day*. And Jacob Pat, representing the Social Democratic wing of Jewish opinion which, together with most liberals, anticipated a rosy future in general progress, the rise of the working class and a democratic socialist society, declares in obvious alarm that acceptance of the exodus slogan implies "that the Jewish people all over agree that it is a non-Jewish, an Aryan world where there is no place for Israel. Europe without Jews means a victory for nazism. . . . It would be a suggestion, a lesson: Expel the Jews. Clear the country as Europe was cleared. . . ."

Thus we have the hidden fear voiced. It is necessary to have Jews on the Vistula if we are to continue cherishing the illusion of the eternal security of the Jews along the Hudson. Any average psychiatrist could have a field day with the anxiety complexes which, such reasoning reveals, haunts the recesses of our mind. But if the Jews on the Vistula are only a handful remaining from a huge community, what comfort in their continued presence in Poland? However, deep-seated fear and insecurity ask no questions. The token suffices to reassure.

Mr. Pat's statement suffers similarly from a dreamlike unreality. Europe without Jews means a victory for nazism, he says. But five-sixths of Europe's Jews are already dead. Hitler's victory is an undeniable fact in this respect. Is the Hitlerian principle any less victorious as a result of the providentially rapid advance of the Allied armies? Wish-fulfilment takes the place of reality. Hope, and perhaps self-delusion, are propped by a symbol.

It should be noted parenthetically that not only Jews but well-meaning non-Jews advance the same line of reasoning. Some of the latter have phrased their thoughts in the following way: If the Jews of Europe decide that it is impossible for them to stay there, is that not a condemnation of our entire civilization? Doesn't it imply that there is no hope in any of us?

This is a sincere argument based on genuine good will and a true sense of guilt for what has happened during recent years. However, salve for a bad conscience is not a solution. Unintentionally it is also cruel, for the persons reasoning thus are evidently more concerned with their peace of mind than with the welfare of the Jews. They, too, are afraid of the abyss that for twelve years yawned in Europe, and a token remnant of Jews on that continent would reassure them that there is still hope for European civilization.

Such are the subterranean gulfs opened up by the exodus debate. To discuss the practical aspects of such an exodus is not the issue here. It is quite possible that an exodus is impracticable. The political regime in Palestine might prevent it. The closed doors of all the countries suitable for immigration might make it impossible. The momentum of the flight of Poland's Jews might break against a solid wall of opposition. Such things are possible. We are living, after all, in the 20th century. The globe has been pretty well subdivided and borders and coastlines are well patrolled. A repetition of the Exodus from Egypt is scarcely feasible. The ancient Egyptians lacked machine guns, PT boats, and radar.

What is historically important is not the success or failure of the exodus but the fact that during a grave crisis in the modern history of Europe, five-sixths of the Jewish population of the Continent were exterminated and the remainder confronted with the necessity of an exodus. Should they be compelled to stay by force of political circumstances, a paucity of numbers, the continued hostility of their neighbors, a sense of overpowering despair which will no doubt lead to all sorts of social aberrations—these will leave their mark on the surviving remnant in the coming years. At best, granted a merciful attitude on the part of their neighbors, they may either vanish through assimilation or decline to a status like that of other once thriving Jewish communities, such as those in Iraq or Egypt.

THIS pattern of Jewish history has repeated itself so often, over such a long period of time, and over such wide latitudes of civilization and geography, we should hardly be surprised by this latter-day manifestation. By now one might reasonably expect us to take it for granted as a historically determined process. It is perhaps a tribute to our vitality that despite all the knocks history has given us, we are always ready for another try.

Somewhat less creditable is the optimism with which we encounter every new historical era and every new domicile, as if each trial were the first one, quite oblivious of our lack of progress. Where would the scientific world be today if each new scientist devoted himself to constant repetitions of Galileo's experiment in the hope that some day, somewhere, it might produce entirely different results?

For nearly two thousand years the pattern of Jewish history has followed a relatively uniform series of curves. Jewish sojourns in various lands throughout these centuries have been described as divisible into three distinct periods. First comes the period of welcome, when restrictions on Jews are few and they are offered considerable opportunities and privileges. Then follows a period of tolerance. They are no

longer met with quite as much friendship; nevertheless conditions are still tolerable. Finally there begins the period of persecution. This need not be a sudden dramatic episode. It may cover a long period of time, and is marked by restrictions, growing intolerance, persecution. The groundwork for an exodus is laid. The exodus itself may not materialize for any number of causes. But the possibility of continuing a normal community life is gone. Processes of degeneration then set in and the community withers—if it is not physically exterminated, or does not find an avenue of escape. Many years later, with the rise of a new social order, it may happen that a Jewish community again finds domicile, and thrives in the very country where it had formerly undergone this metamorphosis. But, allowing for modifications, this process has occurred again and again on varying scales. It was enacted on a large scale in Roman-ruled Egypt, in Parthian-ruled Mesopotamia, in Spain, in Germany during the Middle Ages, in Poland. It has occurred on a smaller scale in numerous other lands and principalities.

If our ancestors failed to draw the logical conclusions from these elementary facts, their failure is understandable. Our ancestors were guided not by reason but by faith and by a religious interpretation of history. One can therefore have no quarrel with them if they took their destiny patiently and fatalistically in the belief that they were expiating former sins, and in the expectation of a final, rewarding Messianic denouement. Similarly, there is justification for the generations of Jews who pinned their faith on political equality after the French Revolution. That was, or seemed to be, a new departure in human affairs, and there was good reason to hope that it would also put an end to the recurring cycles of persecution and expulsion. And then, toward the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century, there was the dawning hope of socialism, with its bright promises.

It is scarcely necessary to draw a balance

sheet on this era, now coming to an end. In its crisis it has produced the same results, so far as Jews are concerned. When Mr. Poliakoff therefore asks: "If the European world of the Renaissance, of humanism, of habeas corpus . . . is really as ugly and hopeless as we are told, then what are we basing our hopes on?" the "if" appears to be largely rhetorical. The evidence is before our eyes. Indeed there are those who draw optimistic conclusions, citing the numerous cases of kindness, humanity, even self-sacrifice in Europe that led to the saving of thousands of Jewish children. Giving all due credit to the noble individuals in the various European countries who in the face of Hitlerism risked their lives to save Jews, need it be pointed out that a people cannot plan and build its future on such a basis?

Hope for a permanently secure future in a democratic world that recognizes the worth and rights of the individual can be well founded only if we foresee a static society in a state of permanent equilibrium. In such a society the Jewish community within it will enjoy the same, or almost equal, privileges as the rest of the population. But as long as we remain a distinct, yet scattered entity, our favorable position will hang on the three slender threads: law, the good will of our neighbors, and the performance of a useful, not too competitive function in each country. These three threads, however, are the identifying marks of a stable society, not guarantees of its continued stability. When one or more of these begins to show signs of weakening it is time to be concerned for the future.

WHAT then are the solutions? Must we fatalistically submit to periodic recurrences of the kind of thing, the bloodiest manifestation of which we have just witnessed in Europe? What alternatives are offered?

There is the faith in a solution by means of a new and radically changed order. That was the faith of Western European, emancipated Jewry, which pinned its hopes on

political freedom and general progress. Many individual Jews succeeded to such an extent in coming to terms with their environment that their relationship to the Jewish people became very tenuous indeed. Yet when the historical hour struck, the westernized German Jew who escaped found himself in Tel Aviv alongside the "cultural" Zionist. They had started from different points, yet history brought them to the same spot.

The era of political democracy thus failed to devise a permanent solution to the Jewish problem by guaranteeing every citizen equal rights. Those who argue that only in a renewed, invigorated democratic order lies the future security of the Jews in the Diaspora counsel a repetition of the experiment of the past century, without offering any evidence that the next crisis will not again avenge itself on the Jews.

Those who preach a social revolution leading toward a classless society as the solution to the Jewish question stand on equally infirm ground. Admission of the need or inevitability of a major social upheaval is a warning in itself that Jews, because of their class status in society as well as their unfortunate historical situation, will have to suffer more than the general population. Whether a successful social revolution would offer a final solution, once its birth pains are over, remains open to grave doubt. The only experience from which we can attempt to learn is the revolution in Russia. There Jews as a group suffered out of proportion at the hands of both the Whites and the Reds.

And on the basis of recent reports we may question whether the revolution solved the Jewish question even from a long-range point of view. Observers who have had an opportunity to visit Soviet areas formerly occupied by the Nazis report that even after twenty-five years of Soviet indoctrination and legislation against anti-Semitism, the Ukrainian population joined the Nazi invaders in considerable numbers in the campaign against Jews. Even more ominous are reports of trends of social stratification

among Jews in Russia which lay the foundation for their becoming again a recognizable economic entity within the Soviet organism.

As alternatives there thus remain integral, complete assimilation, national concentration in one territory—which in essence is Zionism—or a renewed affirmation of faith that in the democratic countries of the Western hemisphere Jews need not suffer the pattern marked by past history.

ASSIMILATION is not a solution of the problem but an attempt to obviate it. Putting the patient out of his misery, even in a painless fashion, is not the same as curing him. But even at that, assimilation is impractical. It cannot be pursued consciously as a unilateral movement. While in temporary historical circumstances it has occurred on a considerable scale, it has never in the past succeeded completely in any Jewish community.

Great centrifugal forces operated for a long time in Germany, Hungary, France, just as they have—and still do—in the United States. Those who fell within this assimilative force were inevitably drawn away from the Jewish community, all ideologies to the contrary notwithstanding. When a turn of the historical wheel drove them back into the orbit of the Jewish people, then they presented a tragic picture indeed. Witness a group of German-Jewish refugees in Palestine who at one time published a journal there, called *In Exile*. In the Jewish National Home they felt exiled, and yearned for the culture and the landscape that had spewed them out.

Assimilation affects the fringes of the Jewish people and therefore provides no answer to the main question, which is not a numerical one. That question exists and requires a solution whether there are five or fifteen million Jews in the world.

Far more weighty are the arguments of those who contend that a permanently secure status can be attained in the democratic countries. Pointing out that Jews suffered least in those countries of Europe where democracy had struck deepest roots,

they conclude that the solution lies in the direction of ever-expanding democracy. The United States, where many different minorities live in relative amity, is pointed out as an especially promising example in this respect. The failure of European society, we are told, is due to laxity in preserving the achievements of civilization. By avoiding Europe's mistakes and by widening and strengthening the basis of democracy we can be spared our past fate.

It is indeed very difficult to counter this line of reasoning, based as it is on abiding faith. The question—even if it has always happened in the past, why *must* it also happen here?—allows no decisive answer. It is impossible to submit mathematical proof that the pattern of past Jewish history must inevitably repeat itself everywhere in the Western hemisphere.

But if there is no proof, there does exist a historical probability. The fundamental feature of the Jewish minority—its dispersion—remains a fact. Until this feature is shed, a sense of insecurity will continue to haunt the minds of Jews, throwing them alternately into hysterical panic or elated optimism. And at best, even if the most optimistic predictions for the future are borne out, only a secure existence as a minority would be assured. The drive toward exodus might not arise, but the minority status itself with all its crippling psychological and social manifestations would remain. For thoughtful, self-respecting Jews this situation will create the urgent sense of the need of some solution. But naturally, there will always be others who will find their status as a minority quite tolerable.

THE sole long-range solution remains territorial concentration—in a word, Zionism, since no other territories for national concentration are now under practical consideration. This implies a series of exoduses from different regions of the world whenever historical circumstances make them necessary. Zionism does not presuppose an exodus from a region where one is not called for. It only predicates, on the basis of

two thousand years' experience, that sooner or later any Jewish community will feel this need.

The alarm of Jews elsewhere who are opposed to a Jewish exodus from Europe is at least premature. Bidding farewell to Europe does not imply a call to American Jews to pack up and go, too. If historical processes are unavoidable, neither can they be forced before their time. The foundations of the Jewish community along the Hudson will not be shaken by an exodus of Jews from the banks of the Danube and the Vistula. If our position in the United States is secure for the present, it will remain secure, despite the European movement. How long this security will last it is impossible to predict. Perhaps a generation, perhaps a century or more. From a long-range point of view it would appear that Jews along the Hudson, too, have an appointment with history which it may be impossible to shirk.

The eventual solution of the Jewish problem by a concentration of Jews in Palestine is not simply a numerical solution, either. It would not suffice merely to transport physically the Jews from Warsaw and Vienna to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. (Were that the case, the large number of Jews in the four seaboard counties of the State of New York, which far exceeds the number of Jews in Palestine, would already be a solution, at least in the sense of a territorial concentration of Jews.) The difference, and the germ of the solution, consists in the structure of the community in Palestine, both economically and politically. On the economic side, a planned territorial concentration of the Jews in Palestine provides a normal participation in all necessary branches of economic life—agriculture, industry, services, business. It establishes a self-supporting community not dependent to any large degree on the immediate good will of non-Jewish neighbors, as was the case, for instance, in pre-war Poland.

Even more important would be the political aspect of concentration in Palestine. Not only would inferiority complexes in relation to the non-Jews be eliminated, but the com-

munity, striving for self-rule and the normal life of a nation instead of national self-effacement, would become a political factor far out of proportion to its numbers.

A case in point is the now crucial refugee question. The Jews of Palestine, some 600,000 in number, can now not only demand of England and world public opinion that refugees be admitted to Palestine; they are able to act in the matter. They already possess political attributes and institutions that are effective in some measure. Over and above their demand for the opening of the gates of Palestine, Palestinian Jews actually bring thousands of refugees into the country, illegally if necessary, and when "illegal" immigrants are captured and interned, Palestinian Jewish organizations have in the past freed them by force.

Compare the behavior of Palestine's 600,000 Jews with that of America's 5,000,000. For about two years several hundred refugees were kept as "guests of the government" in a camp at Oswego, New York. They entered the country legally, but their status until a few weeks ago was not much different from that of prisoners. American Jews neither could nor dared make an issue of the matter, some out of fear that their Americanism would be questioned, others in the age-old spirit of submission to the status of a minority that has learned not to speak out too loudly.

As the Jewish community in Palestine grows, its political strength increases until it approaches that of national sovereignty, within the limits put upon sovereignty in today's world. It then becomes a free political organism capable of debating its own fate and acting in its own defense, as any other nation does. Zionism is not a panacea to cure all ills. A Jewish nation in Palestine will be subject to wars, social upheavals and other human maladies, as all other countries are. But the additional ailments characteristic of the Jewish situation in the world—national homelessness, dependence on the good will of the immediate neighbor, lack of any means of self-defense in time of crisis, the psychological effects of being

constantly on the alert for a blow and the unhealthy, often panicky states of mind it engenders—these and similar liabilities will be eliminated in a Palestine in which Jews would lead a normal national life.

SHOULD we then live entranced henceforth in the contemplation of what promises to be a certain destiny? Individuals possessing a sense of the tragic in history, albeit few in numbers, have always existed and will continue to fix their gaze on ultimately inevitable denouements. The Jewish people as a group have been marked in modern days by intellectual inquisitiveness and social activity. Yogi-like trances are certainly not for them.

The average Jew will continue spinning the thread of his life under circumstances favorable or less favorable, as the case may be. Jewish group life will continue boiling and bubbling. Salvation will be pursued via religion, social revolution, democracy and whatever other social movements agitate the scene. Anti-detraction Leagues will defend us; Friendship Councils will soothe us; some will hold up the vision of a rosier social dawn before our eyes; others will seek escape from the group or will be detached from it by powerful social and cultural forces, while the anthropologists will assure us again and again that the shape of our skulls is right, or that Jews have no particular shape of skull, which is even better. Nor need it be a sterile medley of apologetics and vain utopian flights only. As in past eras in Babylon, Spain and Poland, lasting cultural values can, and no doubt will, be created here. The very vitality of Jews and the inner tension in which they live provide the necessary conditions for such creativeness.

We understand that the period of historical social gestation cannot be accelerated. Yet whatever preparations we can make for the future are likely to serve in good stead. In Europe the stage of exodus has been reached. Far-sighted national efforts made decades earlier have prepared the ground in Palestine so that the country is capable of

absorbing the present European exodus. Jewish communities in North Africa also appear to be on the verge of exodus, and they could be absorbed by Palestine both socially and economically. A destination for the exodus has thus been created by historical pressures.

The obstacles to the successful conclusion of the exodus are external political factors. Whether these are overcome depends to a good extent on the amount of energy invested. Their successful elimination may some day be of direct significance to us who live along the Hudson.

In any case we must rid ourselves of a certain prudishness in discussing the role of exodus in Jewish history and its application to present-day Europe. Too many peo-

ple display a tendency in this matter to call a spade an "agricultural implement." Like sex, discussion of the idea of exodus is taboo among wide circles. But good manners notwithstanding, a serious subject has to be treated accordingly, with a professional disregard of one's own secret fears and other people's sensibilities. In the practical world of power politics, a solution of the Jewish problem in Europe by an exodus to Palestine may be side-tracked by such forces as British imperialist interests. But triumphant declarations that Jews will go on living in Europe, when five-sixths of the Jews of Europe have just ceased living and many of the survivors are in flight, can only be considered as an expression of faith and little more.

CHRONICLES OF THE LOST: AMERICAN SERIES

CHARLES REZNIKOFF

"I don't like to see our people going to pieces, that's all."—Mendel Quixano in The Melting-Pot by Israel Zangwill.

Judah Monis

THE name "Monis" is supposed to be Portuguese and Judah Monis may well have been a descendant of Marranos fled from Portugal to be Jews. He was born in Italy, or perhaps in one of the Barbary states, and he studied in Leghorn and perhaps in Amsterdam. He was probably a rabbi in Jamaica, and a merchant in New York and then no doubt had a shop in Boston or in Cambridge. In 1722, when he was thirty-eight or thirty-nine, he was publicly baptized in the hall of Harvard College and that year was appointed instructor in Hebrew.

He taught Hebrew at Harvard for three decades and seven or eight years. His post was not as important as that of a tutor's nor his salary as much, but the subject was important. His pupils might find the study of that "primitive tongue" tedious, be absent, tardy, negligent or contemptuous, but

THIS series of portraits of Jews in the America of an early day is one of the fruits of a pre-occupation with research into American history which has represented for many years a major interest of CHARLES REZNIKOFF, the poet and novelist. The portraits are reconstructions from firsthand source material and, if they must be classified, are history, not fiction. Mr. Reznikoff's books of poetry include *Five Groups of Verse*, *Nine Plays*, *Jerusalem the Golden*, *In Memorium*: 1933, *Separate Way*, *Going to and fro and walking up and down*. Among his varied prose works are *By the Waters of Manhattan*, *Testimony*, *Early History of a Sewing-Machine Operator* (written in collaboration with his father, Nathan Reznikoff) and *The Lion Hearted*, his most recent novel, published by the Jewish Publication Society in 1944.

teach he did, assiduous and faithful, and the corporation of the college helped him publish his Hebrew grammar in 1735—the first printed in America. He had married a young woman of Cambridge two years after his baptism, and he sold nails and locks, pipes and tobacco, to eke out his salary. But when, at his wife's death, he resigned his post and went to live with his wife's brother, minister of a church at Northborough, he could give the church three communion cups of silver and at his own death at the age of eighty-one leave a fund for poor widows of ministers.

But they were suspicious of him, did not believe him quite "the Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile"—as the Gospel has it. The Reverend Benjamin Coleman of Boston, delivering the sermon at the baptism, had said to him straight out: "Be sure that you have no by-ends, no sinister and corrupt views, no worldly advantages in what you are doing today." And a distinguished clergyman, hinting of "temporal motives towards a temporal Messiah," had written to the reverend doctor from London: "I shall not be much surprised if we are at last deceived in him." Monis, to be sure, delivered at his baptism a discourse in which he professed to expound "nine principal arguments the modern Jewish rabbis do make to prove the Messiah is yet to come . . . with the answers to each." But it was thought that Increase Mather had coached him in this, although the proof by cabalistic ciphering that the name of God includes the Trinity was perhaps his own. He may have really come to conversion, as others had, through studies of the cabalistic writings and found authority for his Christianity in the Zohar which he said was "more ancient than the Talmud."

However this may be, in spite of his gifts of silver cups and money, the daily profes-

sion of his Christianity for forty years, his exemplary life, and even the seat of honor he had been voted in the church at Northborough, he may have felt himself still suspect. He may have been still uncertain in his faith. As he lay dying, after he had announced again to those about him his firm belief in Christianity and his hope of salvation by Jesus, one of the ministers there said to him, "Now, good father, you will go to Abraham's bosom." "No," Judah Monis answered, "he was but a Jew. I will go to Christ, for he is my only hope." At least that is what some say.

The Franks Family

AND then there were the Franks. Jacob Franks was an "eminent" merchant of New York and Philadelphia. So read the notice in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* when he died in 1769. There is a portrait of him to be seen: ruddy complexion, powdered wig and white neckcloth, decent brown coat. A handsome man, straight nose not too long, sharp eyes, thin lips in a smile that, after a while, do not seem to be smiling. He had been born in Germany and had gone to London. In 1738 his name was among the Jews enrolled in the militia of New York City. He was then a man of fifty, the King of England's agent for the Northern Colonies.

He had married Bilhah Abigail, a daughter of Moses Levy—a good match. Levy, born in Spain, had also gone to London and become a merchant there, owner of many ships. In 1705 he settled in New York City and became one of the small congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews. At his death in 1728 he was head of it. His son-in-law, Jacob Franks, was no less devoted. He went on with his father-in-law's work in the congregation and helped build the little synagogue of stone to take the place of a frame house on Mill Street. Bilhah Abigail helped gather the fund for the building and after her death, probably about 1750, the trustees had a prayer in her memory recited on the Day of Atonement, on the day the synagogue was

consecrated, and on the day of her death.

There is a portrait of Abigail, too. Dark eyes and hair, a curl hanging over one shoulder, thin lips and a fleshier nose than her husband's. Long and broad at the tip. At that the painter no doubt did the best he could with it. There are portraits, likewise, of her children—David and Phila. They have their mother's nose. David is tall, an engaging lad as he stands one hand on his hip and the other with a bird perched on the forefinger. Phila, with her mother's dark hair and eyes, is much smaller than David although only twenty months younger.

A clever lad, too. At thirteen he read the portion of the Law for the week in the synagogue which his grandfather and parents helped build. When he grew older, he and his sister danced and drank wine and lemon punch with the gentry of New York and Philadelphia—in Philadelphia the gentlemen's or governor's party, opposed to the Quakers. In 1742 Phila married a De Lancey of New York. His mother was a Van Cortlandt. If they were married in Philadelphia, the wedding was doubtless in Christ Church, still unfinished but even then "a stately building." Phila and her husband had a town house in New York. A house so commodious it became, after De Lancey sold it, the leading tavern. And they had a countryseat in Greenwich. In the seat next to Phila's lived her husband's sister, married to an admiral and the first in New York, it is said, to have her own carriage.

David married Margaret Evans of Philadelphia a year after his sister's wedding. He was a Jew to the end no doubt, for when seventy-two he took his oath in a legal proceeding as a Jew on the Five Books of Moses. His daughter, the witty Rebecca, married an officer of the English army who became a general—Protestant Episcopalian like her mother, no doubt. Another daughter, named Abigail after her grandmother, married a Hamilton who was to become attorney-general of the state of Pennsylvania.

But the congregations of Israel knew the children of David Franks and their children no more.

Abram Mordecai

THERE lived among the Indians of the Creek Nation, not far from where the city of Montgomery is now in Alabama, a stocky Jew with hazel eyes—Abram Mordecai. (He told one of the early historians of the state that only his father was a Jew and his mother German.) Mordecai, born in Pennsylvania, had fought against the English in the Revolution, in the battles and skirmishes of New Jersey and Delaware, and after the war had become an Indian trader. He brought out of the wilderness peltries, pinkroot and snakeroot, medicinal barks and cakes of hickory nuts, as well as the oil the squaws skimmed from pots of water in which broken hickory nuts were boiling. He would drive his ponies, a bundle either side of each saddle and a third bundle on top of it, along the paths to Pensacola or Augusta, or take his merchandise to New Orleans or Mobile in a boat or canoes. In five years or so he had money enough to build himself a fine house in the Spanish style of mortar and framework. Later he built a cotton gin, the first in what is now Alabama, on a bluff below the meeting of two rivers along which the Indian women brought him their cotton in canoes. Mordecai believed that the Indians had once been Israelites. In the dance of the green corn, when he heard the Creeks cry in gratitude for the harvest to the Great Spirit, "Yavoyaha! Yavoyaha!" he supposed that they were calling upon the God of Israel by the old biblical name.

Mordecai was not the only white man in the neighborhood. There were a couple of Tories, too, and a Dutchman who was a horse-thief and a white woman known only as Milly whose husband, a British foot-soldier, had fled from his regiment with her into the wilderness. (After his death, she wandered among the Indians, living with the braves, until she had a house on a creek, many horses and much cattle.) Like

other traders, Mordecai was married to an Indian. But his wife was also part Negro.

One day the chief of the nearest Indian town—besides his Indian name known also as Captain Isaacs—came to Mordecai's house with twelve or sixteen braves, each with a long hickory pole. (Years before, this Captain Isaacs had led war parties to the Cumberland and brought back the scalps of white settlers on his poles. But years afterwards he was to refuse Tecumseh's hand and tobacco when that chief, face painted black, wearing eagle feathers upon his head and dragging a buffalo's tail from his body, naked except for his flap, stalked into the council of the Creeks to harangue them against the Americans.) Now Mordecai's story is that two of his horses had gotten into a corn field of the Indians and eaten some of the growing corn and that Captain Isaacs had never liked a white man to be living near the town. But another story is that Mordecai was the lover of one of the married squaws. Whatever the reason, the Indians beat him with the long hickory poles until he was senseless and then cut off one of his ears to spoil his looks. That was the way the Creeks punished an adulterer. They also burnt down his gin-house and broke up his boat, which he had bought in New Orleans for four hundred dollars, and they left him for his wife, part Indian and part Negro, to nurse.

Mordecai did not go with his children when the Creeks—Indian and half-breed—beggared by the whiskey of the white men, went to Arkansas.

Colonel Franks

MR. JOHN TRUMBULL, the painter—his Roman nose and long jaw more than ever like the nose and jaw of his distinguished father, Jonathan Trumbull, the patriotic governor of Connecticut during the Revolution—entered the drawing-room of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State of the United States, and steeled himself to be as agreeable as a gentleman should be. Though Mr. Jefferson had been friendly, very friendly, to the painter in Paris and even helpful,

much had happened since. To begin with, Mr. Trumbull was now a man of thirty-seven, almost forty, and he had been unable to establish himself as a painter, although his pictures were of great events in American history and the portraits in them, whenever he could do so, carefully drawn from the life. His father may have been right when, to his son's plea that artists were honored among the ancients, he had answered: "You seem to forget, sir, that Connecticut is not Athens." Well, now John Trumbull was thinking of a post in the foreign service of the United States; for that, Mr. Jefferson's friendship would, of course, be helpful. But even this was not a simple matter for Mr. Trumbull's New England conscience: Mr. Jefferson had become an apologist, if not an admirer, of the revolutionists of France who had just executed the king—a true friend of the United States—and in a frenzy were doing away with all religion in their unhappy country, pretending to worship only "reason."

After greeting Mr. Jefferson and those next to him, Mr. Trumbull recognized an old acquaintance, talkative Colonel Franks, the Jew. Was it David Salisbury, David Salesby, or David Solebury Franks? Mr. Trumbull could not remember and it seemed to him that he had seen all three names. But Colonel Franks was always friendly, always amiable. Mr. Trumbull knew, of course, that David S. Franks, as he liked to sign his name, had been a merchant in Montreal when the American Revolution began, had suffered a brief but unpleasant imprisonment because of sympathy for the cause, had joined the American forces as a volunteer when Canada was invaded by Montgomery and Arnold, and had retreated with the Americans, sharing defeats and privations and rising in rank until he was an aide-de-camp of General Arnold—the traitor. Nobody believed Major Franks—as he was then—guilty in the least of any treachery and he was sent with public dispatches to Mr. Jay and Mr. Franklin in Europe and, after the war, sent again to Europe by Congress with the ratified treaty

of peace, and had then gone with Mr. Barclay as secretary on the mission to Morocco to negotiate a treaty with the emperor. But now, Mr. Trumbull had heard, Franks had come down to a post as assistant cashier in the Bank of the United States. No doubt he, too, was looking for an appointment in the foreign service. Mr. Trumbull sat down next to him, looked at Colonel Franks' large mouth smiling pleasantly and at the small but hooked nose, and was ready to be agreeable.

At this moment Mr. Giles, a representative in Congress from the hills of Virginia, spoke up; a coarse fellow—Mr. Trumbull had only to glance at the small round nose, the impudent stare of the small sharp eyes, to see that. The fellow had made his mark, Mr. Trumbull had heard, as a lawyer—hounding penniless debtors, no doubt—and now he was in Congress, friend and furious follower of Jefferson and Madison. Mr. Giles began by railing at Puritan New England—not forgetting a jest at Mr. Trumbull's father who could not write a letter without putting in "the Lord reigneth." "It is all a miserable fraud and witchcraft," Mr. Giles went on. "I do not believe a word of all they say about a future state of existence and retribution for actions done here. I do not believe a word of a Supreme Being who takes cognizance of the paltry affairs of this world, and to Whom we are responsible for what we do!"

At this brazen avowal, Mr. Trumbull was about to spring to his feet and denounce the representative from Virginia, but before he could bring himself to do so, Mr. Jefferson's French steward was standing in the doorway to the dining-room. Dinner was ready. Now, Mr. Trumbull hoped, Mr. Giles would find something else to talk about. But no sooner were they seated than the Virginian began his mockery again: of New England and Christianity, of God and Jesus. Mr. Trumbull looked to Mr. Jefferson for help. Mr. Jefferson sat there smiling and, it seemed to Mr. Trumbull, nodding his approval. Perhaps Mr. Jefferson did say, stressing the adjective, "I ascribe to Jesus

every *human* excellence, and believe he never claimed any other." It was Colonel Franks who spoke at last in defense of Christianity, spoke with all the warmth of his nature, until Mr. Trumbull, turning to Mr. Jefferson, said: "Sir, this is a strange situation in which I find myself. In a country professing Christianity and at a table with Christians, as I supposed, I find my religion and myself attacked with severe and almost irresistible raillery, and not a person to aid in my defence but my friend, Mr. Franks, who is himself a Jew."

Captain Myers

CAPTAIN Mordecai Myers marched his command of eighty-six men, including the pilot of one of the boats, towards the sound of musketry and cannon. General Boyd called out, "Rush on, my jolly snorters, you are wanted!" Farther on, they met with Colonel Cutting and behind him, helter-skelter, his regiment on the way back to the boats. Captain Mordecai Myers led his men into the field where Cutting's regiment had been and stationed them, the men kneeling on the left knee, behind a stone wall about two feet high. There were two pieces of field artillery to support them—on the road that ran along the river. Later, Captain Myers saw a detachment of dragoons charge out of the sleet and the smoke, wheel up to the guns, fire their pistols, and, fired at, retreat. He supposed it was the British and did not know that the guns had been captured, all the gunners killed, and that the dragoons were Americans. His men fired their muskets for about four hours, holding their ground, until they were out of ammunition. But by then the British had given up firing, too, and were falling back.

Soon after his command had reached the field, Captain Mordecai Myers had been wounded in the left arm by a musket ball. Now his arm began to swell and the wound was very painful. But the engagement was over. Twenty-three of his men had been killed. He turned the command over to his first lieutenant and went down the road to the boats. When he came close to the field-

pieces, he saw the British uniforms. He faced about and walked back leisurely; the British did not follow him, nor fire until he climbed out of a ravine. He could only use his right hand and had great trouble getting out of the ravine. In a field he met a man leading a horse with a keg of ammunition. He took the horse and riding it came to the boats; one of the camp-followers, a woman, leading the horse part of the way.

The Americans felt that they had won a victory, for they had beaten off the British. And the expedition went on down the river towards Montreal. But when General Wilkinson—he had been lying sick in his boat during the engagement—heard that General Hampton, defeated and falling back to Plattsburgh, would not meet him with men and supplies as planned, the campaign was over.

Captain Mordecai Myers' wound was not healing and he had caught a bad cold and was feverish. His servant led him on a horse to the house of a doctor, where he was to be quartered. Early in December, when General Wilkinson's army fell back towards Plattsburgh, he was left behind—still weak and sick. But by March he was well enough, thanks to the doctor and the doctor's niece who had left Plattsburgh to visit her uncle, to marry—and he married. His bride was not yet eighteen, twenty years younger than her husband, at least in part of Dutch descent, a sweet-faced girl with brown hair, who had not found life altogether pleasant, perhaps, at home with her stepmother. She came of a good family: her father was a judge, her uncle had been a United States senator, her aunt was married to Chancellor Kent, and her brother was to become an admiral. Mordecai Myers, born in Newport, had lived in New York and had gone south to earn his living—was in Charleston, perhaps, and a merchant in Richmond. His name is among the members of a synagogue there.

But after his marriage he had nothing to do with Jews. In the story of his life that he wrote for his son, he does not speak of his parents as Jewish but says only that his

father was Hungarian and his mother Austrian. His granddaughter in an expensive book bound in green morocco, telling proudly of her family, does not speak of Mordecai Myers except as "M. Myers" or "Major Myers." There are two pictures of him in the book. He is a handsome fellow in his uniform of an infantry officer of the American army during the War of 1812, with fringed epaulettes and high standing collar, and does not look too Jewish, in spite of the dark flashing eyes under heavy eyebrows and the somewhat fleshy nose.

Benjamin Gratz

DURING the winter of 1818 Benjamin, youngest son of Michael Gratz of Philadelphia (dead now for seven years) and brother of Rebecca, supposed by many to be the original of the Jewess in *Ivanhoe*, was in Vincennes: this was still only a dirty village of frame houses, although it had long been an administration center. The residents were almost all French, or part French and part Indian with high cheek-bones and straight black hair, wearing bright beads in the Indian fashion to ornament their clothing and red tassels on their moccasins, and polite as the French are. Benjamin Gratz, a young man of twenty-six or so, had been in the War of 1812, lieutenant in Captain John Swift's company of Pennsylvania volunteers, and then, become a lawyer, had gone west to look after the claims of the Illinois and Wabash Land Company. Now his friend, Salomon, appointed cashier of the Lexington branch of the new Bank of the United States was urging Gratz to join him.

Salomon had done well in Kentucky. He had built himself a fine stone house in Harrodsburg and was married to one of the daughters of the land. Gratz pictured her: a pretty, languishing girl, combing her blonde hair. The state, after the war, had set up forty banks with the right to issue their own notes, redeemable not in specie but in the paper of the Bank of Kentucky, and in two years, what with lending and spending, all forty were insolvent. A friend in a branch of the great Bank of the United

States was an opportunity, indeed; and Lexington was the leading town of Kentucky (until the steamboats were to make towns on the Ohio important). In twenty years, Lexington had grown from fifty houses to more than eight hundred and now had about five thousand inhabitants. The streets were laid out as in Philadelphia—at right angles to each other; most of the houses were of brick and no worse than those of Philadelphia. The town had manufactories, too: an example, rope for rigging; and the hemp, a crop of two thousand tons, was grown in the neighborhood. Yes, there were opportunities for a young man in Lexington.

Benjamin Gratz had brought his phylacteries and prayer-shawl with him into the wilderness. He would hardly do otherwise: the son of Michael Gratz who had been an officer, and for a while head, of the first synagogue in Philadelphia; the nephew of Michael's elder brother, Barnard, who had also been head of the synagogue; and Benjamin's elder brothers belonged to the congregation and were important in it. How then, he had written to his friend, Salomon, could he take a post in Lexington if it meant, as it would, working on Saturdays? Salomon had answered: "Put your Sabbath and your phylacteries in the bag of your prayer-shawl and throw them away over your shoulder." Benjamin Gratz had a good mind to do so.

Isaac Harby

A MEMBER of the junta, or inner council, of the congregation Beth Elohim, in Charleston, South Carolina, came into the vestry-room of the synagogue with the air of proprietor that sometimes goes with his office. He was taller than most men, straight as a grenadier and stiff with pride and age, still wearing the knee-breeches of the century before and his powdered hair in a queue, although it was the year 1824. (Beth Elohim, meaning *House of God*, had been founded in 1749, the fourth congregation in what was to be the United States, and the Jewish community of Charleston in 1824 was the largest—a fifth of the Jews in the

country lived there.) The venerable gentleman—a big cocked hat on his head and large silver buckles on his shoes—picked up a “memorial” addressed to “the private adjunta” of the congregation, but he showed no surprise and little curiosity. Duly informed of whatever wind was blowing by a number of plain and gilded weathercocks at his service among the membership, he had been expecting the communication. He read hurriedly. When he was through, he looked up and saw that another member of the inner council had come into the room. Lifting a silver-headed cane, he signalled him to come near and thrust the memorial into his hands.

The other member of the council was also an old man but more agreeable: dark, middle-sized, with wide square shoulders, managing to do his business calmly, quickly, and with the unaffected “sweetness of behavior” that was said of Lopez, or perhaps of Rivera, the great Jewish merchants of Newport. He read the memorial carefully: the request that the service for the Sabbath be shortened “for its present length is one of the principal causes why so much of it is hastily and improperly hurried over”; that all that is read in Hebrew should also be read by the *hazan*, or reader, in English that the members of the congregation might fully understand the service, “for it is not every one who has the means, and many have not the time, to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew language”; and that, instead of merely hearing the set portions of the Bible read to them each week, also in Hebrew, the congregation listen to an English discourse so that “at the expiration of the year the people would, at all events, know something of the religion which at present they so little regard.”

The old man in knee-breeches impatiently struck the floor once or twice with his cane as his fellow of the junta went on to read and count the names signed to the memorial—forty-seven of a membership of seventy. He himself had not troubled to do so and now he said testily: “Harby is there, isn’t it? His doing. Damned journalist! Stirring

up excitement like all of them. What’s he think—teach us? Are we his pupils? Boys? Theatrical fellow!” He had touched on all of the offender’s activities: Isaac Harby had studied law but turned to teaching, had written for the newspapers and bought one, the *Southern Patriot*, selling it after five years and going back to teaching; wrote plays, too. President Monroe had been at the performance of *Alberti*, produced by a professional cast.

“It will be sent back without debate,” said the old man in pantaloons quietly, putting the memorial on the nearest table. “Unconstitutional. Two-thirds of the membership, *exclusive* of the private or public adjunta, is necessary to the petition.”

“Sent back!” snapped the other. “I should say not. We will not dignify it by rejection. Ignore it,” and sweeping the memorial to the floor with his cane, he left the room with short, quick steps.

Judah P. Benjamin

JUDAH BENJAMIN, in a winter uniform of a student at Yale, blue frock-coat of cassimere with a cape, blue vest and black cravat, stood at the window of his room at the college and looked at the falling snow, the ground already white, at the dark branches of the elm trees and the dark sky. He remembered his father’s despair when Uncle Jacob, auctioneer and merchant, selling crockery and glassware, prime green coffee, rum, calico, and pianos, whose star Judah’s father had followed as a clerk from Wilmington, North Carolina, to Fayetteville, suddenly lost money and lands in the hard times of 1819. And yet in 1823, four years afterwards, Judah’s father could pay three thousand dollars in cash for a house and lot in Charleston, South Carolina. Now in 1827, after another four years, his father was penniless again and the house and lot sold by the sheriff.

Of course, thought Judah, if that was all, Moses Lopez, rich merchant of Charleston who had helped him, would still help him; in a year and a half he would have his degree. Best of his fellows at the Fayette-

ville Academy and in the schools at Charleston, Judah had entered Yale at fourteen, a cheerful little boy with a round smiling face, youngest in his class. There were better students than he at Yale but he stood well. The college would not press his father hard, although he owed it sixty dollars already, and that was almost a third more than the fees for instruction and the rent of Judah's chamber for a year, or about what Judah's board in commons cost for forty weeks. But President Day had always said he did not want Yale to collect the children of the wealthy only and that all should be within its walls. And yet Judah felt that he could not stay. If he had a pistol, he should shoot himself, he supposed: the Calliopeans would say that was the gentlemanly thing to do.

His parents would never understand why he was leaving college. Why, they would borrow and beg for him from uncle and aunt, from friend and acquaintance. He would be of little help in his father's little store in Charleston. That was no city for him, anyway: dues collected in the port from 1819 to 1826 were only half of that taken from 1815 to 1818; and in the newspapers day after day—plantation for sale, plantation for sale. If he had the money he would go to New Orleans. That was the place! Sugar or cotton, business or the law. Well, he had money enough to go into the wilderness of upper New York. That was a place to hide.

What had he done? Thirty-odd years later an Abolitionist newspaper, by an anonymous letter in its columns, was to say that Judah P. Benjamin, United States Senator from Louisiana, had left Yale because he had been caught stealing from his roommates. The Senator explained at once that he left as he did because of his father's "desperate circumstances." He talked of a prosecution for libel or an action in damages. In any event, if he ever intended either, the Civil War would have stopped it. (The Senator from Mississippi, Jefferson Davis, did not like him. When the Senator became president of the Confederacy, he

gave Benjamin one of the lesser posts in the Cabinet to have Louisiana represented. But in about a year Jefferson Davis made Judah P. Benjamin first of his advisers and he was secretary of state until the end of the Confederacy.)

Almost all his biographers think the accusation baseless. And yet one has found suspicious circumstances: the accusation had named a man as the source of it and the Senator said he did not know the man and yet he must have remembered him as a companion on the first journey to Yale, if not as a fellow student; and the records of the Calliopeans, a debating society of Southerners at Yale, show Benjamin's expulsion for "ungentlemanly conduct, etc.," and an understanding among the members to keep the reason secret. One who had been a fellow student remembered only that Benjamin had fallen in with a fast set and had lost at cards.

That might be an answer. No doubt, the young gentlemen of the Calliopean Society gambled as well as debated, and not to pay debts of honor might have seemed to them "ungentlemanly conduct, etc.," warranting expulsion and secrecy. Benjamin certainly was a gambler, afterwards, and liked the excitement. And, even in 1861, he might have thought it discreditable in the society in which he moved to admit that he had ever failed to pay a gambling debt.

However that may be, on a December day in 1827, Judah Benjamin, a junior in the college, sixteen years of age, left Yale without permission or explanation, never to come back. He took with him his books, all but two. Shakespeare, of course, because he delighted in it. The two books left behind in his room were a prize volume for excellence in scholarship won at Yale—the fly-leaf might prompt strangers to ask questions—and his Hebrew prayer-book.

August Belmont

AARON BELMONT stood in the sunshine, on the deck of a brig bound for the United States, watching a school of dolphins playing in the bright blue water and the mova-

tains of Cuba diminishing. Hat cocked to one side, thumbs hooked in the pockets of his trousers, his look keen and straightforward—not without a little impudence—snub nose and lifted chin: here was a young man sure of himself. He had reason to be. At fourteen he had left his birthplace for a post with the Rothschilds in Frankfort-on-Main—to run errands and sweep the floor for just nothing a year. After three years he was sent as clerk to Naples and did well enough to be stationed there to do business for the Rothschilds; he had just been to Cuba on a commission for them. But from now on he would be in business for himself as a banker. Time, too, for he was twenty-one. Money? He was the agent of the Rothschilds in the United States—assets enough for a beginner.

There was perhaps no other place in the world in that year of 1837 where much money could buy as much. The states that had gone into the business of banking or transportation to make money, a number of them, even the richest, had repudiated their bonds. Few banks in the country, perhaps no more than four, would pay in specie. Cotton had dropped from sixteen cents to ten. In New York values had fallen a hundred million dollars. The money spent on canals was mostly lost because of the railway, and many a public project—railways with not enough traffic as yet to pay for investment and running—could be had for ridiculous prices in “hard money.”

The young man, wrapped in the silken air of that southern sea, began to dream of what he could do when he had his fortune. He would breed race-horses and race them—that ancient sport of the great and rich; and he had the colors of his stable picked: maroon and scarlet. He had acquired a taste for oil-painting in Naples. He would buy the best of the living artists: all the names. A committee of leading citizens would write: we have heard of your distinguished collection; will you exhibit it to the public? And he would answer, say on the 5th: your letter of the 24th of last month has just been handed me. I hasten

to reply that I should be pleased to exhibit my paintings; and I think a charge should be made to the public for the benefit of some worthy charity. Then his thoughts, with these bright leaves and flowers in their bills, came flying back to the ark on which he stood. He would open his office in Wall Street, and on the door would be his name—August Belmont.

David Levy

A YOUNG woman wearing a green dress in the latest fashion, skirt wide and full, deep flounces hung with black fringe, and a small white hat of shirred satin, was shown into the parlor of a fashionable boarding-house in Washington by a slave with a kerchief about her head. In a few minutes another young woman, in a skirt just as wide and full, with a couple of yards of white lace falling over her shoulders and in rows about her bosom, hurried into the room from one of the upper chambers. The young women rushed at each other with little shrieks of joy and sat down on the sofa. The young woman in lace—who had stayed in Washington while the visitor had perforce gone with her husband on his campaign for re-election—said with a smile, “You know the beautiful Wickliffe girl from Kentucky whom everybody calls ‘the Wickliffe Madonna’ because she’s so devout?”

“The daughter of the postmaster-general in President Tyler’s cabinet?” answered the other eagerly.

“She’s going to marry a Jew!”

“Not really!”

“That dark loquacious fellow with a blue scar like the letter ‘Y’ on his forehead, who represented the territory of Florida in Congress and whom Mr. Adams just can’t stand!”

“I suppose he’s very rich.”

“Not particularly. I’ve heard he’s interested in a railroad in Florida and his father has, or had, much land in the interior—whatever that’s worth. But they’re estranged.”

“Because of the marriage?”

“Oh, long ago! The father is still a pious Jew, they say, and he must be a little crazy:

advocates the abolition of slavery and thinks all religion can be boiled down to this—our actions must be for love of God only. He was born in Morocco and made a fortune in the lumber business on one of the West Indies. Bought thousands and thousands of acres in Florida when it was still Spanish territory. Liked this country so well he had his son educated in Virginia. But when the lad was only seventeen, the father told him he would do no more for him than for any stranger and he must make his own way. He went down to one of his father's plantations in Florida, studied law, became clerk of the territorial legislature and, after that, the delegate of the territory in Congress. He was very busy, of course, in having the territory admitted as a state and now he has been elected the first United States senator from Florida. So you see David Levy is not just a nobody."

"Dear Miss Wickliffe to become a Mrs. Levy! Fancy that!"

"He's promised to have his name changed," the young woman in lace rattled on. "By an act of the legislature of Florida. He told the Wickliffe girl or she made up the story—but I can't believe that!—his grandfather was not a Jew at all but Portuguese by birth. He became a Mohammedan and ranked as a prince, no less, in the court of the emperor of Morocco. Well, it seems the prince had to flee the land because of a conspiracy against the emperor which the faithful Portuguese would not join and he escaped to England with his wife—an English Jewess—and an infant son. Her father's name was Levy. The prince died and the son, David Levy's father, had to go into trade but his mother, thinking this dishonored the prince's title, made her son use her father's name instead of his own for business. Now David Levy will take his grandfather's name again and the name Miss Wickliffe says is really his. His father used it now and then in signing letters to the newspapers."

"And it is?"

"Yulee!"

At this both young women burst into

shrieks of laughter and fell into each other's arms for weakness.

Delucena, Sasportas . . .

THE gentlemen of the adjunta, or trustees, of Congregation Mickveh Israel in Philadelphia were showing the synagogue, then on Cherry Street, to Mr. Sabato Morais, an applicant for the post of minister. This had been vacant for more than a year, ever since the resignation of Mr. Isaac Leeser in 1849. The synagogue had been built in 1782 of stone taken from the falls of the Susquehanna river: it was only one story in height, although some say two, and seated about two hundred, galleries and all. (At that, the cost of the building had been too much for the congregation at the time and they wrote to other congregations for help in finishing it.)

Mr. Morais was a native of Leghorn in Italy and its synagogue is worthy, it is said, of the great Jewish community that once lived there. He had also come straight from a post in the famous congregation of Bevis Marks, London—if only Hebrew master in the Orphans' School. But he was a man who, for all his learning and ability, walked humbly and no doubt he looked about him with the proper respect. Moreover, he could not have been too sure of the post he was seeking, in spite of his voice and his knowledge of the Sephardic liturgy—the sermon secondary to the service: many of the congregation hoped to have Mr. Leeser again.

When Mr. Morais had seen the synagogue and the house in back of it in which the minister was to live, they showed him the list of members. Some names went back to 1740. He was himself a descendant of Portuguese Jews who had fled to Italy, and he read the names of early members with interest: Delucena, Sasportas, Gomez, Lopez y Riveras, Marache, Abendanon, Riveyra, Montes. Spanish and Portuguese Jews, mostly, who had escaped from the Old World to the security of the New. He looked for the names among the families belonging to the congregation in that year, 1851, and could not find one of them.

MY BEGINNINGS

A Chapter from an Autobiography

MARC CHAGALL

THE first thing that met my eyes was a tub. Simple, square, with rounded corners, and shallow. A tub from the bazaar. Once inside it, I filled it up entirely.

I don't any longer remember—was it my mother who told me?—just at the moment of my birth, a great fire broke out in a little house on the outskirts of Vitebsk, close to the highway, behind a prison.

The town was on fire, the poorer part of the Jewish quarter. They carried us out, the bed and the mattress, my mother and the baby at her feet, and took us to a safe place at the other end of the town.

But, to begin with, I was stillborn.

I did not want to live. Imagine a white lump that didn't want to live. As if it were heavy with the paintings of Chagall.

They stuck needles into me, they plunged me into a bucket of water. At last I uttered a feeble whine.

But, essentially, I was stillborn. I might wish that psychologists would not draw

MARC CHAGALL is one of the few great painters of our time, and the first to bring indigenously Jewish motifs and feeling into modern art. Born on July 7, 1890 in Vitebsk, Russia, Chagall showed from the first an unwillingness to abide by any conventional precepts; the boldness and originality of his art won him recognition, first in Paris and then throughout the world; this recognition becomes profounder as time passes. An exhibition surveying his life's work to date is being held at New York's Museum of Modern Art this month. "My Beginnings" is the first chapter of Chagall's autobiography, which was written in Moscow in 1922, translated from the original Russian into French by his wife, the late Bella Chagall, and published in 1931 by Stock in Paris under the title, *Ma Vie*, illustrated by thirty youthful drawings. The translation of the excerpt presented here is by John McNeil.

any improper conclusions from that. I beg to be indulged!

However, this little house near the Peskovatik road has remained intact, I saw it only a little while ago.

My father, become a little better off, sold it. It reminds me of the knob on the head of the rabbi in green that I painted, or of a potato that had been thrown into a barrel of herring, steeping forlornly in the brine pickle. Contemplating this little house from the height of my recent "exaltation," I shuddered and asked myself:

"Truthfully, how could I have been born here? There's hardly room to breathe."

But when my grandfather with the long black beard died honorably, my father bought another place for a few rubles.

In this neighborhood, no madhouses as at Peskovatik. A neighborhood of churches, precise enclosures, market stalls, synagogues, simple and eternal, like the fortifications in the frescoes of Giotto.

Around me coming and going, turning this way and that, or trotting sagely, all manner of Jews, young and old, the Yavitchs, the Beylines. A beggar runs to his house, a rich man enters his. The school child runs to his house. Papa goes home also.

At this time there was no moving picture theater.

People went home or to market. That's what my tub brings back to my mind.

I say nothing of the sky, or of the stars of my childhood. They are my stars, my gentle ones; they go with me to school, and wait for me in the street until I come back. Poor darlings, forgive me. I left you alone and trembling on your great distances!

My town, sad and joyful! As a child I watched you in my simple way, from our

doorstep. To the eyes of a child you appeared very clearly. When the partition hindered me, I got up on a little paving stone. If I still couldn't see you, I went up to the roof. And why not? Grandfather had gone up there also.

And I contemplated you at my pleasure.

Here in the street called Pokrovskaya, I was born a second time.

Did you ever see at some time or other, in the paintings of the Florentine masters, one of those men whose beards have never been trimmed, whose eyes are at once brown and ashen gray and whose skin is the color of baked ochre, covered with creases and wrinkles?

That is my father.

Or did you ever see one of the faces from the Aggadah, with its aspect devout and vacant? (Pardon, my little father!)

You remember I made a study of you. Your portrait ought to have produced the effect of a candle burning and putting itself out at the same time, its smell that of sleep.

A fly drones—the accursed thing—because of it I fall asleep.

Must I speak of my father?

What is a man worth if he has no value? If he is priceless?

And for that reason it is difficult for me to find the right words for him.

My grandfather, a religious teacher, could think of nothing better than to find my father, his eldest son, a job from childhood on as clerk in a herring warehouse and to place his youngest son with a hairdresser.

No, he wasn't even a clerk, but a simple worker for thirty-two years.

He used to lift heavy casks and my heart shriveled like a Turkish wafer, watching him raise the heavy things and shake the little herrings with his frozen hands; his big-bodied employer standing to one side like a stuffed animal.

Now and then my father's clothes would glisten with the herring brine. Beyond him fell reflections, from above, from the sides. Only his face, sometimes yellow, sometimes transparent, assumed from time to time a

feeble smile. Such a smile! Where did it come from?

It blew in from the street where people walked darkly, reflecting the moonlight. Suddenly I saw his teeth gleam. I remembered the teeth of cats, of cows, any sort of teeth.

Everything in my father seemed enigma and sorrow. An inaccessible image.

Always tired, worried, his eyes alone yielded a soft reflection, of a grayish blue.

In clothes greasy and dirty from his work, with large pockets from which poked a dull-red handkerchief, he used to come home tall and thin, bringing the evening with him.

From his pockets he would draw a pile of cakes and frozen pears. With his wrinkled brown hand he would divide them between us children. They passed into our hands with more delight, more flavor and transparency than if they had come from a plate at table.

And any evening without cakes and pears from papa's pockets was a sad evening for us.

It was only to me that it was familiar, this heart of the people, poetic, and deadened with silence.

Right up to the last expensive years he earned a humble twenty rubles. Small tips from customers scarcely increased his income. Yet my father wasn't a poor young man.

Photographs from the time of his youth and my observations of the state of our wardrobe proved to me that when he married my mother he was provided with a certain physical and financial strength, since he offered his fiancée—a very small girl, growing bigger after marriage—a magnificent scarf.

Married, he stopped returning his salary to his father and set up his own home.

But first I would like to finish the outline of my bearded grandfather. I don't know if he went on teaching his pupils much longer. They say he was a respectable man.

Visiting his tomb in the cemetery with my grandmother ten years ago and observing his monument, I was convinced that he had

been an honorable man, an inestimable man, a saint.

He sleeps quite near the river's edge, near the black fence where the troubled water flows. Beneath a gentle hill, close to many other "saints" long since dead.

Badly worn but still preserved, his tombstone bears the graven letters in Hebrew—"Here lies. . . ." My grandmother pointed out to me with her finger.

"There is the tomb of your grandfather, father of your father, and my first husband."

She mumbled with her lips, not knowing how to weep, whispering some words, either words to herself, or prayers. I heard her lament as she leaned on the monument, as if that stone and that little hill were my grandfather, as if she were talking to the depths of the earth, or as if it were some kind of cupboard in which an object was resting, shut up forever.

"I beg you, David, pray for us. Here is your Bacheva. Pray for your sick son Chaty, for your feeble Zoussy, for their children. Pray that they be honest men before God and before the world."

On the other hand, my grandmother was more familiar to me. That good woman consisted of no more than a scarf around her head, a little skirt and a wrinkled face.

A tiny yard in height. In her heart, a love devoted to her favorite children and her book of prayers.

Widowed, she married, with the approval of the rabbi, my second grandfather, father of my mother, a widower himself. This first couple died in the same year that my parents married. My mother ascended to the throne.

MY HEART is always oppressed, as if with sleep or with a sudden memory, at the anniversary of her death, when I visit her tomb, my mother's tomb.

It seems to me that I see you, mama. You come towards me gently. So slowly that I want to help you. You are smiling with my smile. Ah! that smile, mine.

My mother was born at Lyozno, where I had painted the vicar's house, before the

house the fence, and before the fence the pigs.

Pope or no *pope*, he smiles in passing, his cross gleaming. He is going to make the sign of the cross over me. He caresses his hip with his hand. The pigs, like little dogs, run to meet him.

My mother was the eldest daughter of my grandfather, who during half his life reclined on the stove; a quarter of it he spent in the synagogue, and the rest in his butcher store.

He reclined so much that my grandmother couldn't endure it and died in the prime of life. It was then that my grandfather started moving, the same way that cows and calves move.

Is it true that my mother was too small? My father married her without looking at her.

To our eyes mother had an unusual expression, as far as that was possible in her suburban environment. But I don't want to speak well, too well, of my mother who is no more. Can I speak of her?

Sometimes I don't want to speak, only to sob.

At the gate of the cemetery I rush forward, lighter than flame, lighter than aerial shadow, I run to shed tears.

I see the river going into the distance, the bridge beyond, and near me the eternal fence, the earth, the tomb.

Here is my soul. Look for me here, here I am, here are my paintings, my birth. Sadness, sadness!

There is her portrait. What does it matter, am I not in it myself? Who am I?

You will smile, you will be astonished, you are going to laugh, you who pass by.

A lake of suffering, hair prematurely gray, eyes—a city of tears, soul that barely exists, brain that exists no longer.

What is there then?

I see her ruling the entire household, guiding my father, endlessly building little houses, establishing a grocery and stocking it with quite a wagonload of merchandise, without money—on credit. By what words, by what means can I show her, smiling,

before the door, or sitting at the table for a long time as she waits for some neighbor or other to help deliver her spirit from distress.

In the evening, when the store was closed and all the children home, papa dozing at the table, the lamp settled down, and the chairs standing wearily; outside one no longer knew where the sky was, where nature had taken refuge—not that it was quiet but simply that everything was inactive. Mama was seated before the high stove, one hand on the table, the other on her stomach.

Her head was pointed towards the top, where her hair was fastened with a pin.

She used to tap one finger on the table covered with oilcloth; she tapped several times, meaning to say:

"Everybody sleeps, what children I have! There is nobody to talk to."

She loved to talk. She turned her words and tended them so well that the listener, embarrassed, would smile.

Without changing her position, hardly moving her lips or opening her mouth, her pointed hairdress in its place, she asked questions, remained silent or spoke like a queen. But there was nobody. In the background I alone followed her. She used to ask me: "My son, talk to me."

I am a child and mama is a queen. What shall we talk about? She becomes annoyed and taps more often on the table with her finger. And the house is shrouded in a veil of sadness.

Fridays, after the Sabbath dinner, when my father invariably fell asleep, always at the same moment, with the prayer unfinished (on my knees before you, little father!), her eyes would become sad; she would say to her eight children:

"Children, let us sing the rabbi's song, together with me." The children sang and began to fall asleep. She would begin to weep and I would say: "You begin to cry already, then I won't sing any more."

I would like to explain that it was in

some part of her that my talent was hidden, that it was through her that everything was transmitted to me, everything except her spirit.

There she is coming to my room (at the Yavitch's, in the courtyard). She knocks and asks: "My son, are you there? What are you doing? Was Bella with you? Do you want to eat?"

She observes my painting with such eyes, God knows what eyes! I await the judgment. At last she pronounces slowly:

"Yes, my son. I see you have talent. But my child, listen to me. Perhaps you ought rather to be a clerk. I pity you. With your shoulders. How does this thing come into our family?"

She was not only our mother, but also the mother of her own sisters. If one of them was to be married, it was my mother who decided whether the fiancé was suitable. It was she who judged, inquired, questioned. If the fiancé lived in another town, she would go there, and after learning his address she would go to the store opposite his house, and while buying something, would start a conversation. And in the evening she would even try to look into the windows of the fiancé's house.

SO MANY years have passed since she died.

Where are you now, little mother? In heaven, on earth? I am here, far away from you. I would feel more at ease if I were closer to you; at least I could look at your monument, touch your gravestone. Ah, mama, I cannot pray any longer and I weep more and more rarely.

But my soul thinks of you and of myself, and my thought consumes itself in grief.

I don't ask you to pray for me. You yourself know how many troubles I have. Tell me, little mother: from the other world, from paradise, from the clouds, wherever you are, does my love console you?

Am I able with my words to weave a gentle and caressing sweetness for you?

THE SCHOOLS FIGHT PREJUDICE

An Appraisal of the Intercultural Education Movement

MORDECAI GROSSMAN

OUR country was built by immigrants—those who came to seek opportunity and those who were brought as slaves—and by the descendants of immigrants. Thirty-eight million immigrants, representing more than sixty peoples and innumerable religions, sects and cults, entered this country between 1820 and 1943. And the myth that they now form a single unitary American nation is far from true.

For competing with the generous ideals of America's democratic creed which knows no distinction of color, religion or national origin, there has always been the actuality of American practice—racial, religious and cultural prides and prejudices. Thirteen million Negroes, 1,200,000 Americans of Latin American origin and 300,000 of Oriental origin are assigned a caste status of second-class human beings. Perhaps another 35,000,000 other Americans, including Jews, Catholics, recent immigrants and their children, are subject to varying degrees of segregation and discrimination. In all, considerably more than one-third of the nation is in some way excluded from the fullest

participation in the American community.

During the present century, the obstacles to the integration of these groups have increased rather than decreased. The frontier, with its free or cheap land, disappeared; concentration of wealth and power wiped out broad opportunities for economic advancement; a permanent white native proletariat came into being. The cultural distance between the native inhabitants and new immigrants increased with the shift in immigration from Northern and Western to Southern and Eastern Europe. And two world wars, the greatest economic crisis in our history, the retreat of democracy and the rise of racism in Europe led to an increasing fear and hostility toward all groups not yet absorbed into the anonymity of the American people.

The price we pay for maintaining the line between "us" and "them" is staggering. It includes the psychic disintegration involved in practicing segregation and discrimination while professing democracy; the frustration, inferiority and alienation felt by millions and the smugness, arrogance and opinionatedness of the so-called "real" Americans; the dissipation of enormous creative talent among the millions denied opportunity. So many easily available scapegoats prevent us from mobilizing our human resources for the social changes necessary for a more abundant life. We forfeit the moral authority required for leadership in a world mostly non-Christian and two-thirds colored.

What is the prospect? The postwar psychic climate of tensions, fears and anxiety constitutes fertile soil for further division. But there is also a growing awareness that an automatic process of mutual accommodation between Negroes and whites will not

MORDECAI GROSSMAN was the editor of the *Social Frontier*, which was for a number of years a chief platform for progressive viewpoints in education. He received his Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, where his teacher was William H. Kilpatrick, who had brought John Dewey's philosophy to bear on education with such far-reaching results. Dr. Grossman was born in Russia in 1898 and came to this country in 1911. He studied at the Jewish Theological Seminary and the College of the City of New York, and fought with a Jewish unit of the British Army in Palestine during the First World War. He has taught at the Hebrew Teachers College of Jerusalem and C.C.N.Y., written for various national magazines and carried on social research in various fields.

satisfy an ever rising demand for equality, and that the "melting pot" will not automatically fuse new and old Americans into a single nation. We are no longer willing to wait for the denouement of historical processes; chief reliance is now being placed on *programs of action* seeking to bring about decent relations between the diverse elements in our population.

Schools for Democracy

AMONG the most significant of these programs is one seeking to utilize the nation's schools in the war against prejudice, discrimination and segregation. To many school people and laymen, prevailing widespread intergroup antagonisms with their tensions and outbreaks, like the recent school strikes and riots, testify to the school's failure to date to communicate America's democratic heritage.

The intercultural education movement, in which many teachers, schools and national organizations of teachers throughout the country are now joined, is based on two principal assumptions: first, that prejudices are culturally transmitted rather than biologically inherited, and second, that the school *can*, by one method or another, contribute significantly to the transformation of self-enclosed, mutually exclusive and hate-breeding cultures into open, interplaying and cooperating cultures. We have here a reaffirmation of the faith in education as a force for human progress and in the schools as the principal instrument of education in democratic ideals.

A democratic way of life, the leaders of intercultural education stipulate, is one which seeks to provide every individual with the maximum possible opportunity for personal growth and community service, for sharing in the control over the economic, political and social conditions of group life, and for mastery over his own destiny—for *all* individuals regardless of race, creed, or ancestry.

However, *inter-individual* (man-to-man) democracy is, according to leaders of the movement, only one aspect of the demo-

cratic way of life. The other is *intercultural* democracy. Intercultural democracy occupies a somewhat intermediate position between the ideals of "cultural pluralism" and of the "melting pot." In contrast with the former, intercultural democracy denies both the possibility and the desirability of maintaining fairly intact the ancestral cultures of the varied ethnic groups that came here. But it also denies the possibility and desirability of stamping the 140,000,000 Americans in the mold of a uniform *dominant* culture—of a "melting pot" Americanism. For a democratic culture is an open culture, continually growing, through individual and group interaction. Advocates of intercultural education recognize the survival of elements of old world culture in the new. Such elements of the old world heritage that are at odds with a democratic way of life are to be eliminated. But there are others which do not impede the growth of a common democratic culture, and which may even enrich it. These are to be retained.

The Scope of the Movement

ALREADY the intercultural education movement has developed an impressive momentum. It had its inception with the establishment of the Bureau for Intercultural Education eleven years ago. The early objectives of the Bureau included good will among children of different backgrounds, an appreciation of each other's culture, and a respected status in the school community for children in the minority groups. It relied on verbal instruction, and such devices as assembly programs centering around the address of a rabbi or a prominent Negro, or classroom visits by Chinese children. In time, the Bureau for Intercultural Education matured to an understanding of the mutual interaction of the school and the adult community. Its objectives came to include the transformation of the norms and forms of community life. The Bureau's achievements include the popularization of the concepts of "intercultural education" and "intercultural de-

mocracy," aid to numerous school systems in devising programs suitable to their individual needs, and the intercultural education "workshops" conducted annually in a number of university centers, which have aided hundreds of teachers, school administrators and community workers to gain necessary information and skills. Recognizing that no single educational cure-all for biased attitudes and conduct is available or possible, the Bureau is constantly engaged in experimentation with teaching methods and learning materials. Its intensive activities are concentrated in the public school systems of Detroit, Philadelphia and Gary, Indiana, but it also renders consultative services to the New York City public schools and fills about 500 requests for advice monthly.

In 1945, the scope of the schools' war on prejudice was greatly increased by the launching of the project on Intergroup Education in Cooperating Schools, sponsored by the American Council on Education and with the financial aid of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. School systems associated with this project included Milwaukee, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, South Bend, Denver, Hartford, Minneapolis, Newark, Oakland, Portland, Providence, St. Louis, Wilmington, and Shorewood, Wisconsin. With the exception of Shorewood, all these communities are ethnically heterogeneous, hence presenting a variety of difficulties in democratic human relations. The Shorewood community was included as a laboratory for testing what could be accomplished in a predominantly Anglo-American population in the upper economic stratum, and it was chosen to supply experimental comparisons. To broaden the scope of experimentation, the project hopes to locate two additional communities in rural areas.

Perhaps most widely known among all the school systems engaged in efforts to build a democratic America is that of Springfield, Massachusetts. By democratizing its school administration, socializing the school life of its children, introducing into the curriculum the findings of psychology

and the social sciences and undertaking a program of adult education, its public school system has come to be the Mecca of many teachers and community leaders who seek to expand the frontiers of intergroup democracy. Scores of books, pamphlets and articles have appeared on the "Springfield Plan." The "Plan" was also the subject of a movie short.

A formidable obstacle to the expansion of the intercultural education program has been the prejudice of local communities, which produces a split between what teachers feel they ought to do and what they actually do. Accordingly, the recent decision of the National Education Association—most powerful teacher organization in the country, with a membership of 330,000—to place its weight behind the schools' effort to combat racial segmentation takes on great importance. The association's Executive Committee declared:

If the forces of disharmony and prejudice are to be controlled, our schools must teach young people to recognize the rights of minorities. . . . More and more teachers must assume responsibility for the education of our youth to respect the worth and integrity of all individuals of our society. . . . Education in mutual understanding should begin in kindergarten and continue throughout the university.

These fine words have been accompanied by action. The Association's Department of Supervision and Curriculum Development closely cooperates with the Bureau for Intercultural Education in introducing, testing and publicizing intercultural education school programs. The N.E.A.'s Commission on the Defense of Democracy through Education is now engaged in a nationwide survey of teaching for democracy in public schools and plans to launch a campaign to broaden professional and lay support.

The growing literature on intercultural education already includes descriptions of what creative teachers and schools are doing; material for children on the ways of life differing from those prevailing among the majority of Americans; material for children stressing the unity of the human race

such as *The Races of Mankind* by Gene Weltfish and Ruth Benedict; material for children on the ideals common to many sections of mankind such as *One God: The Ways We Worship Him* by Florence Mary Fitch; material for children helping them to discover their own ungenerous and unrealistic ways of thinking about their neighbors such as *Probing Our Prejudices* by Hortense Powdermaker; books documenting the contributions of many people to the upbuilding of America; books and pamphlets for teachers explaining the philosophy, methods, and devices of intercultural education like *Intercultural Education* by William E. Vickery and Stewart G. Cole; bibliographies for teachers and students; a quarterly magazine, *Common Ground*, documenting the impact of segregation and discrimination on the minds of children, etc. An index of the popular interest in the school's effort to eliminate the cleavages in our midst is provided by the fact that in 1945 at least six books appeared on intercultural education, two of them on the "Springfield Plan."*

The Intercultural Program

THE future significance of the intercultural education movement will depend not only on how many of the nearly 30,000,000 school-age children it succeeds in reaching but also on the effectiveness of its program in building abiding democratic attitudes. While in its present formative stage no definitive description of the intercultural education program is possible, it is possible to describe the main direction along which the program seems to be developing.

Intercultural education is now conceived of not as a particular kind of subject matter to be retailed at a specified time but rather

as a reconstituted total pattern of life and study within the school community. This pattern includes at least five important phases:

(1) *A democratically socialized school:* Leaders in intercultural education realize that verbal teaching of democratic ideals is not enough. Familiar words and phrases uttered impressively may result in a glowing feeling but they cannot fashion democratic personalities. Democratic conduct is rooted in democratic habits. The traditional school, where the teacher throws knowledge and ideals at an assortment of children, each separated from all others by an imposed discipline, and gets back precisely what she threw—words—cannot be expected to develop democratic habits. Hence, intercultural education stakes the future of American democracy on the success of the new kind of school—the school which is a vital community of teachers and children. Habits of democratic living can be acquired only in a context of shared research and study, cooperative planning and execution of creative projects, student participation in school government, school publications and social activities. In such a framework, stereotyped conceptions of and prejudices against Jews, Negroes, Italians, etc., can be detected and corrected.

(2) *Clarification of democratic ideals:* Just as democratic ideals alone are inadequate, so are democratic habits. Habits are automatic and restricted in their efficacy to the environment in which they were acquired. They need to be supplemented by the driving power of broad human ideals. Methods which can only lead to an emotional attachment to mere words are futile. Instead, children should be led to realize what human beings have a right to expect from a democratically ordered society, to contrast democracy with rival ways of life, say fascism, and to appraise existing conditions in the light of democratic ideals.

Such questions are put as: What do democratic ideals mean in terms of the economic ordering of society? In terms of relations between Jews and Gentiles,

* *Design for America*, by Theodore Brameld (New York, Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge); *They See for Themselves*, by Spencer Brown (New York, Harper's); *Build Together Americans*, by Rachel Dubois (New York, Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge); *Democracy's Children*, by Ethel M. Duncan (New York, Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge); *The Story of the Springfield Plan*, by Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan (New York, Barnes & Noble); *The Springfield Plan*, by Alexander Alland and James Waterman Wise (New York, Viking Press).

Negroes and Whites? How does the treatment of Negroes measure up on the scale of democratic values? The treatment of Mexicans and Orientals on the West Coast? The prevailing attitudes toward Jews? How do the attitudes of the children themselves measure up? What can be, and is, done in the way of clarification of democratic ideals is described in two of the books I have referred to above.

Theodore Brameld, in *Design for America*, reports how fifty high-school children in rural Floodwood, Minnesota, spent six weeks planning a future America in which they would like to live. Intergroup relations were studied in "integral relation with the total design and also with future purpose," and Dr. Brameld says that "there was an extraordinary degree of unanimity [among the children] on the need for a more complete equality of human relations as one of the objectives of postwar America." Spencer Brown, in *They See for Themselves* reports how students in the Fieldston School in which he teaches, and later in eleven public high schools, went about discovering the facts relating to the experiences of members of minority groups, and how the students embodied their findings in documentary plays, three of which are reproduced in the book. "America Is Only You and Me" challenges the snobbishness underlying much of the rhetoric about the "builders of this country who settled here three hundred years ago" by presenting case studies of the heroic struggle of recent immigrants to achieve Americanization and by dramatizing the "gifts" which various immigrant groups brought to the community of Yonkers. "Youth" presents case studies of the frustrations of a number of young people caught in the ubiquitous net of prejudice. "Meet Your Neighbor" dramatizes the awakening of a few Irish, Jewish and Italian youths to the realization of their common problems. The remarkable thing about these plays is their authentic reporting of phrase, experience and facts. It is reasonable to assume that the intensive research, involving first hand personal contacts, and

the creative effort of writing and producing the plays must have profoundly influenced the attitudes and ideals of the children.

(3) *Teaching the facts of psychology and the social sciences on matters relating to intergroup relations:* The thick walls which separate the social and ethnic groups in American society consist in large part of the stereotyped pictures that members of the "in" group have in their minds of individuals in the "out" group, and of the notions of the racial superiority of certain racial groups which, though long refuted by science, still flourish in popular folklore. The intercultural education program includes the study of scientific facts about the absence of significant relations between racially acquired physical differences and intellectual and moral differences; the profound role which environmental differences play in causing differences in the intellectual attainments and the mode of life of various groups in society; the human tendency to think in terms of stereotypes; the tricks the human mind plays on itself, including those of "rationalization," "projection," and "scape-goating," and which others play on us by means of propaganda techniques, etc.

(4) *Intercultural education:* The three phases just described cannot, strictly speaking, be called *intercultural* education. They belong to any democratic scheme of education. Properly speaking, intercultural education applies only to programs and activities seeking to develop attitudes of respect for and appreciation of the cultures of minority groups. Such programs include studying the contributions of various peoples, races and religions to the fashioning of our common civilization; using foreign-language study as a vehicle for understanding foreign cultures; inviting prominent members of minority groups to school assemblies; joint celebrations of Hanukkah and Christmas and of Easter and Passover, and the observation of Negro History Week.

(5) *Interaction between school and community:* Important as the school may be as a potential force for the fashioning of democratic personality, it is only one

among many influences shaping the habits, ideals and attitudes of children. Most important among the other influences are the home and the adult community, which can curtail or even nullify the school's effectiveness. It is therefore urged that the school reach out to the adult community with a program for reshaping public opinion and prevailing mores.

The Springfield school system is a notable example in this regard. It sponsors forums on the salient issues of the day, enlists the press and civic agencies in the task of building a democratic community, gives parents of different races, cultural backgrounds and religious affiliation a share in the school program. The employment bureau of the Springfield schools refuses to cater to the biases of employers. By these and other means it strives to build a democratic public opinion and way of life.

Deliberate Social Change?

IN ATTEMPTING to assess the possibilities of the school as a force for transforming an America divided by prejudice, discrimination and segregation into a democratically united America, one must first of all dispose of the notion that "You can't change human nature." There is no "human nature" in the abstract. Human nature is a plural noun and means nothing but the *natures* of all particular human beings. The only things that can, in truth, be asserted of most humans are capacity for awareness of their physical and social environment and ability to adjust to it. Anyone who declares that racial antagonisms, the gold standard, the law of supply and demand, this or that social or political order are inevitable because "it's human nature" is making a futile attempt to enact his own pet prejudices into a law of nature. "Human nature" is continually being changed.

The crucial question is rather: Can our environment, especially the social environment, be *deliberately* reconstructed so as to bring about desired changes in human relations? There can be no doubt that given sufficient power this can be accomplished.

The Communist Party in Russia and the Nazis in Germany have succeeded in changing the face and inner texture of their societies and in transforming radically the feeling and conduct of individuals. But under American conditions, the scope for effecting deliberate changes in human relations is limited by wide distribution of power. Here we must depend, for social change, on the cumulative effects of many institutions acting separately—the church, the school, the government, civic organizations, trade associations, labor unions, etc.

Under these limiting conditions, what can the public school by itself accomplish in the way of achieving genuinely democratic intergroup relations? One difficulty is presented by the fact that the public schools do not reach all of our school-age children. Almost 3,000,000 or about one in every nine of all our school-age children are enrolled in parochial schools, where a sectarian cast of mind is likely to be formed, and in private schools where the feeling of "social distance" is likely to be instilled. Then the American public school system consists of between 100,000 and 200,000 school districts—nobody seems to know how many. Who shall teach and what shall be taught is determined in each district by a local board of education which reflects local prejudices. Race equality cannot be taught in the South. In ethnically homogeneous communities, there is not likely to be a strong demand for programs of intercultural education. Yet the prejudices of these communities contribute to the general climate of opinion in America.

However, the conclusion that no forward-looking action by the schools is possible is hardly warranted. There is hardly a single community in which all the people unanimously and with the same degree of intensity cling to a particular set of prejudices. The interstices in the public opinion of any community afford some scope for teachers with social vision and courage. One of the impediments the movement for democratic intergroup education is likely to encounter is the mentality of the teachers and school

administrators themselves, who, in many sections of the country, lag behind advancing public opinion. It is possible, however, that the pioneering efforts of the Bureau for Intercultural Education and the support of the National Education Association will significantly raise the intellectual level of the teaching profession and broaden the scope of what schools will be allowed to do.

What the School *Can* Do

QUITE as important as the questions which pertain to what the schools will be *allowed* to do is the one about what the schools *can* do. Answers range from "the school can do everything" to "the school can do nothing." Referring to recent advances in intercultural education, the 1945 report of the Citizens Committee on Race Relations of Washington, D. C., states:

Since the solution for racial feeling is understanding, and since understanding depends on education, there is cause for optimism in the growth along educational lines in communities and colleges.

More guarded but still optimistic is the assertion of Dr. William H. Kilpatrick, long pioneer of progressive education and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bureau for Intercultural Education:

. . . It is evident that the total task [of eliminating intergroup tensions] is beyond the efforts of the school alone. The roots of the problem lie too deep in our Western culture to admit any easy or quick solution. . . .

But the problem is essentially an education problem, since all the prejudices involved in it have been acquired by each individual during his lifetime.

Note in contrast the view of the anthropologist, Ruth Benedict:

The flaw in the arguments which would leave to the schools the elimination of race conflict is that they propose education instead of social engineering.

As yet, there are no reliable facts which could test the effectiveness of methods thus

far developed. It is reported that the results of attitude-testing indicate a growth of democratic dispositions in children in consequence of intercultural programs. However, these "tests" require nothing more than verbal responses and one cannot be certain whether the reported changes are merely temporary changes in the language patterns or whether they point to abiding transformations in children's attitudes. Somewhat more convincing, but not entirely, are the reports of curtailment of tension and increase of cooperativeness in the schools where intercultural activities constitute a part of the school program. One cannot be certain what these reported changes point to in the way of permanent behavior patterns. Until better techniques are developed for measuring immediate changes and until the long-range effects make themselves felt, it is possible only to guess about what intercultural education and progressive education in general can accomplish.

Then there is the more fundamental question of the general useableness of the school as an instrument for dealing in any important way with prejudice, scapegoating, caste arrangements, discrimination and segregation. Are adverse intergroup attitudes and patterns in behavior primarily problems in individual psychology that can be dealt with by means of educational techniques or are they rather symptoms of a distraught society which calls for basic social reconstruction? Probably neither education nor social reconstruction alone can achieve a democratic society; each has its function in a complete plan for changing human relations. To assess the possibilities and limitations of each it is necessary to consider the over-all situation in which adverse attitudes arise and function.

The social context in which prejudice, discrimination and segregation operate in America can be described as follows:

Groups are distinguishable from one another by differences in intellectual attainment, mode of life and vestiges of ancestral culture; in the case of racial groups, these

are accompanied by physical differences.

In the culture of each of America's subgroups, there are stereotyped conceptions of what the individuals in other groups are like.

In popular folklore, there continue to live on notions about race, racial characteristics and racial differences which have long since been rejected by scientists.

Our common culture fosters individual success in terms of money, power and status as the chief goal of life.

Conditions in society, however, render the attainment of this success goal virtually impossible for the vast majority of our people; today the odds heavily favor decline rather than rise on the economic and social ladder for the average individual.

Among members of majority and minority groups alike there is a widespread sense of alienation, a lack of the sense of belonging in a community—brought about by industrialization and urbanization.

Poverty, sordid homes, a dearth of opportunities and facilities for recreation that are really recreative and ignorance all contribute to the negative side of the picture.

The Limitation of the School

PREJUDICE, intolerance, restriction, discrimination, segregation, scapegoating, tension and violence are the inevitable outcomes of the operation of all these mutually reinforcing factors. The schools can do something about some of these factors. But they cannot change the total social atmosphere.

Given equality of educational opportunity and a sound educational program, however, the school can raise the general level of intelligence. By transmitting our common American culture, the school can probably reduce intergroup tensions and conflicts, insofar as these are due to culture differences. It can offer the child a varied and challenging program of activities—a program of fulfilment of child interests—thus preventing the frustrations which breed scapegoating behavior. By developing habits of scientific thinking, teaching what makes for differences between individuals and be-

tween groups, counteracting the shameful semantics associated with the names and nicknames of minority groups, the schools can probably build up considerable resistance to the formation of the psychic mechanisms which function in prejudices.

But the school cannot eliminate exclusivist practices from society, cannot immunize children against prejudice. An attitude is an adjustment to a specific situation. A democratically organized school can perhaps develop generous and cooperative attitudes which will persist during the school life of the child. But the process of adjustment continues during the entire lifetime of the individual; and as long as the conditions in adult life make Jew-baiting, alien-baiting and Negro-baiting a rewarding (and even a psychologically needed) experience, it is likely that much of what the school achieves in the way of democratic attitudes and ideals will be wiped out in post-school life.

The school alone cannot build a democratically cooperative society because it is unequal to the task of removing from our society the conditions and factors which constitute the driving forces behind the mechanisms of division. The school cannot eradicate the individualistic concept of success measured in terms of money, power, and social status; the frustration which flows from the unattainability of these; the sense of alienation experienced by the individual in a mechanized society; the conditions of poverty and economic insecurity. Only basic social reconstruction can root out these conditions and factors.

But social and economic reconstruction alone cannot achieve the objective of a democratic society either. No economic order can automatically secure freedom and equality for all individuals and groups in society. It is the responsibility of the school to fashion democratic attitudes and ideals. But since only socially reconstructive programs can create the conditions under which these attitudes can have meaning and be secure, the school's effectiveness would be greatly increased if, in addition to attacking frontally the problem of prejudice, it also

mobilizes the thinking and emotions of children—and adults—on the front of all-around and basic social change.

Intercultural Education?

As HAS already been noted, the adjective "intercultural" hardly describes the full scope of the movement that looks toward democratic inter-individual and intergroup relations regardless of race, religion, culture and national origin. Even so, it appears at least to one observer that the movement still places too great an emphasis on "culture" difference. In America, these differences are actually not of basic importance as factors operating in maintaining the cleavages which divide our population. Old world cultures are fast losing their hold on the native offspring of immigrant parents. What is left is primarily a difference in *social status*, evidenced by residential, occupational and social restrictions. It is not likely that a better understanding of the vestigial sub-cultures will contribute appreciably to the elimination of intergroup tension. And there is the risk that the gains likely to accrue from the school's attempt to develop an appreciation of the sub-culture will be nullified by the possible heightening of the sense of difference. Much depends

on the way the intercultural program is administered.

America's children need to learn that our country was built by people of many races, religions and cultures, that elements of the old world culture were transplanted and still survive here and that America belongs to all its people. But one can question the desirability of sorting children along lines of their origin and old world culture—a practice noted in some intercultural programs. Also questionable is the objective of seeking status within the school community for children in the minority groups as members of such groups. The status due to an individual in a democratic society derives entirely from the quality of common humanity which he possesses and not at all from accidents of birth or culture. Cultural variety is indeed a good thing for America. But the variety that the school should strive for is the one that flows from individualization rather than from group affiliation. The fostering of such elements of minority culture as are compatible with a common democratic American culture should be left to the minority groups themselves. The task of the public school should be that of building a common American culture.

RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN

1866-1945

ERICH KAHLER

ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1945 Richard Beer-Hofmann's princely life came to a close, fittingly enough, on the verge of patriarchal old age.

It can be said of him that he lived all the stages of the life of man to their fullest measure, in the spirit most naturally appropriate to them: full of provocative bravado, in a sense even revolutionary, in his youth; measured and finely balanced in maturity; contemplative, wise and full of reminiscence in his old age. At the same time he was able to preserve the unity of his life in an epoch that exceeded, as hardly

ERICH KAHLER is one of the foremost contemporary spokesmen of the best traditions of enlightened Western humanism. Born in Prague in 1885, the son of an industrialist, with a *von* before his name which he soon discarded, he studied at the Universities of Vienna, Munich, Berlin, Heidelberg, and Freiburg and worked as author and lecturer in Munich and Heidelberg. He left Germany in 1933, lived in Czechoslovakia and Switzerland, and came here in 1938. He now resides in Princeton, New Jersey. In addition to two volumes of youthful poetry, he has published six books, among them the very important *Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas* (Zurich, 1937) and *Man the Measure: A New Approach to History* (New York, 1943). Less known but equally important is his *Israel unter den Völkern* (Zurich, 1936), a study of the Jews and their unique position among the modern nations. RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN's works are not yet available in English. His play *Jaakobs Traum* was presented in English on the New York stage (it has also been given by the Habima in Hebrew and on many stages in Germany and Austria), and the translation is now being prepared for publication in book-form. Beer-Hofmann's books were burned by the Nazis. When Germany absorbed Austria in 1938, he escaped to Zurich, whence he made his way to New York toward the end of 1939.

any period before, the individual's powers of comprehension, and which, where it did not entirely destroy the lives of individuals, at least shattered them into more or less incoherent fragments.

Beer-Hofmann remained the same person amid the restricted circumstances of his New York life as amid the wider associations of his exquisite Vienna home. He always had whatever he needed without effort on his own part, and there was about him an ever-present aura of seigniorial leisure, dignity and charm.

This was indeed possible only because of the distance he kept between himself and political and social events. It was a markedly personal, even egocentric, life that he led, and if this life with its fruits nevertheless achieved a more than private, a supra-personal, significance, it was only because it was in its own personal way a complete life, and because he had fully sounded the depths of its relationships. His imaginative knowledge of people, his creative taste for the things of art and nature, endowed everything he touched with symbolic effect.

POETRY—real poetry—mostly originates in spiritual distress, in sorrow. The works of Rilke or of Virginia Woolf sprang, one might say, from an infinite capacity for suffering, extending even into the peripheral nerves. Richard Beer-Hofmann is an exception insofar as the source of his productivity lay rather in a capacity for sublimated enjoyment. Not that he was spared all hardships nor that he looked unfeelingly upon the misery confronting him everywhere. How could that have been possible in a person with such a delicate understanding and imaginative sensibility? How could that have been possible in a world like our own,

so overflowing with misery, the same world that sent him into exile? He did possess, however, a naive and healthy capacity for keeping suffering, too, at a distance, and he was able to protect himself from it by transferring it directly into his work.

Suffering, for him, became part of the infinite fullness of phenomena, the stuff on which he exercised his descriptive gifts. He subdued it and forced it into the service of his art. Like an actor, he was able to immerse himself in it, once having established the detachment enjoined on the creator towards his material. Here, in the artistic transposition of his self, he was able to penetrate to the heart of universal suffering. Characters like Jacob's slave, King Saul, the innkeeper, the president, Red Itzig in the *Graf von Charolais*, scenes like the last frenzied ones in the play just mentioned, belong among the most inexorably affecting things in all literature.

He made his labor as difficult, perhaps, as was possible and his search, his mania, for perfection was common knowledge. What an apparatus of scholarship, what flights and trances of the imagination did he set in motion in order to achieve the right atmosphere, the right spiritual climate, the right dress or the right name! He would revise a verse for weeks and months, making innumerable versions, in order to achieve the richest orchestration and the maximum of expressiveness. Yet not only did he not shun these pains, he sought them out expressly and took deep delight in them.

Flaubert, too, had worked in this way, but driven by very different impulses. That bitter ascetic would spend lonely nights in his pavilion on the Seine, investigating sources, collecting facts and scanning sentences, but he would do so with groans and curses, in stormy protest against the insubstantial fantasies of Romanticism, its cheap sweetness and easy effects—in bitter protest against the reality itself that he held up to the world with such cruel exactitude. For him it meant "*tourner le moulin*"—grinding the mill. With what pleasure, by contrast, would Beer-Hofmann make his comprehen-

sive and wide-ranging preparations, his excursions among strange peoples, remote times and places. How he would experience, and enliven with his sympathy, a plant, an animal, a piece of goods or an article of handicraft!

He loved the opportunities his work afforded him for experiencing the diversity of the world and enlarging, transforming his self. In the anguish itself of the struggle for expression, he already savored the pleasure of knowing exactly what he wanted to attain, the pleasure of knowing perfection and intellectual precision. Yet this preliminary savoring would sometimes make him do too much and dam the stream of his inspiration with excessive revision and by overconsciousness of effect. What attracted him so much to the theater was this delectable knowledge of the magic of self-transformation. And often his work itself would become converted into play and performance. "Don't bother him," his wise wife would say, when the completion of a work was impatiently awaited, "he is playing."

HIS LOFTY demeanor, which excluded, mastered or charmed all opposition, and the generally untrammelled life that he led were both of a piece, reciprocally conditioning each other and lending him the look and air of a prince. His way was smoothed from the beginning. Though his mother died in childbirth, two childless pairs of aunts and uncles, by one of which he was adopted, reared him with the love and affection usually reserved for an only child of one's own. He grew up in comfort; school came easy to him; and even the insistence of his stern foster-father upon a respectable profession, much to this young dandy's distaste—a dandy he was at the time—made for only a shadow contest, full of bashful tenderness and grumbling respect on both sides, the one silently esteeming and admiring the tenacity of the other. And after the completion of his legal studies, the young man was left free to pursue his own course.

Even before he wrote anything himself, young Beer-Hofmann became a dominating

figure among his friends in the young Viennese literary movement, to which belonged Arthur Schnitzler, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who while still a high-school student of seventeen, was already a mature and great poet. Beer-Hofmann's understanding of art and his advice were much sought after; his judgment was feared. A high reputation preceded his work, and from the very beginning everything he published was welcomed like a rare gift by the literary élite of Germany.

One can name few authors who achieved an important public position with so little struggle. After an untroubled, happy youth he found a girl of sixteen who was to become his beloved wife; he shaped her into a perfect companion, a companion beyond death itself. In this touching relationship, which he celebrated in his final work, one is hard put to distinguish which qualities destined the one for the other and which were attributable to his own shaping. He built his house about her, simply, but on a large scale. He filled it, but not too full, with precious objects, the residue of his life and his judgments; each single piece, found or acquired in some memorable way, contained its own personal meaning as well as its own history. It was no museum collection; everything had its place and purpose and function.

Nature, too, was always close around him: tenderly raised plants and animals, dogs, cats, a dove, a mole, two small ferrets. By his activity and admonitions, by the liveliness of his fancy, he managed to make them so animated and sensitive that they became individual beings, familiar household spirits. There, on a social and cultural height, with an open prospect on every side, yet carefully hedged-in and removed, he led his life and cultivated his work, surrounded always by the attentions of a host of admiring friends. He was surrounded by friends wherever he went, and even in exile they prepared his way without any effort on his own part.

His writing took its point of departure from *fin-de-siècle* aestheticism—more exactly the specifically Viennese variety of Euro-

pean aestheticism. This Viennese variety was distinguished by a greater softness, a narcissistic tenderness towards oneself, and the melancholy of the easygoing. The basic theme, as it runs through the poems of Hofmannsthal, Andrian and the early Beer-Hofmann, was the discovery that this too easy, too pretty, too perfunctory life cheats itself of its own substance; he to whom all gifts fall without difficulty, he who lives to perfect himself and who deprives himself of the burdens of human sympathy, of true love and friendship, has not lived at all. For all the graces and pleasures of our lives, the richest of us remain in the end the poorest.

BEER-HOFMANN's first great book, *Der Tod Georgs* (The Death of George), published in 1900, has for its theme the chain of reflections that a friend's death gives rise to in a young man; death reveals to him the nature of life, of his own life and human life in general. "George was dead to him. Yet all searching into George's possible fate had only been an anxious questioning of his own. . . . Much of his own anguish and confusion had been tranquillized by verbalization; so that he had disburdened himself of his own restless and questioning thoughts by casting them upon George, whence they echoed back in altered form, strange only as some favorite song is that we sang just a moment ago, and which now returns to us familiarly from sounding strings in the distance . . . he had sought only himself in everything and had found only himself in everything. It was his fate alone that was realized, and whatever else happened, happened far away, as if on a stage, as though performed, and when it told of others it seemed only to tell of himself; it was worth only what it was able to yield him personally: dread and compassion and a fleeting smile. He had arrogantly kept himself apart from those others who performed for him. He had never imagined that life—a strong master—would some day come from behind and take hold of him and command, threateningly: 'Play your part!'"

What dawns upon the meditative youth is the recognition of how infinitely connected man is with everything around him, with everything out of which he comes and into which he passes; it is an involuntary, ineluctable connection imposed by the laws of an all-embracing fate. "No one may live his life only for himself. He spoke; and a wind seized his words, carried them off and deposited them in a stranger's being; there they took seed and grew up, bursting their vessel apart perhaps and dowering it perhaps with a rich harvest of blessings. . . . His life did not fade away like an isolated sound in the void. Swallowed up in an immense orbit measured and solemn since primordial time, his life went forward, vibrating to the all-pervading clangor of eternal laws. He could meet no injustice, suffering implied no slight, and death was not all-dividing. For, linked as he was with everything—necessary and indispensable to everything—every action was perhaps a trust, suffering was perhaps a dignity, and death perhaps a mission. . . . He who divined this was able to walk through life a just man; not lost in self-contemplation but with his glance directed into the distance, still clear-eyed in old age, ready to wonder like a child. His body and soul were preserved for him like a holy thing, his feet sure, not mired with blood and dirt. A wall stood to his left and right wherever he passed. Fear was unknown; for wherever he struck—whether on things dumber than stone—right spouted forth for him like gushing water and justice like an inexhaustible stream."

The man Beer-Hofmann emerges from these lines in all his shining self-certainty and with the limitations that came from his inherited sense of detachment; in all his piety toward fate—which confirmed him in his own essence—and in all his aloofness from active participation in the turbulence of our world. This aloofness from the world was implied in his very connection with the world, a passive, innate connection enjoined merely by his being the one he was and, more particularly still, by his being a poet

—by the supra-historical relation to the world which is inherent in the creation of art.

THE sway of fate in private entanglements—between father and son, man and wife—was again and again shown in his dramas and his verse. *Der Graf von Charolais* (The Count of Charolais) is a modern tragedy of fate. A specific, supra-individual, communal relationship, however, emerges from the personal complex and comes gradually to fill the entire reach of Beer-Hofmann's work—his relationship to Judaism.

This relationship to Judaism also sprang from a very personal source: from pride in and reverence for his ancestors. His immediate progenitors, his family in all its branches, were already ever present to him through pictures, souvenirs and anecdotes. He deeply enjoyed the comfortable feeling that he stemmed from a group of superior and cultivated individuals. Very early, however, he passed beyond that into a more comprehensive awareness of his common ancestry—an ancestry formed by the exceptional people to which he belonged.

It may be that in the beginning it was simply defiant bravado that moved him to concentrate on the Jewish destiny—the defiance of a proud man who wishes to acknowledge with unmistakable emphasis an affiliation that in the social circles of that generation, Christian and Jewish alike, was passed over in embarrassed silence, where it was not entirely suppressed. This was the era in which it was thought possible to obscure the existence of Jewry by social exclusion on one side and complete self-betrayal on the other. To be sure, this period saw the first steps in the direction of active Zionism, but there was hardly a perceptible influence in the atmosphere and immediate surroundings in which young Beer-Hofmann grew up that might have stimulated him to put any stress on Judaism. In any case, it was by way of this acknowledgment of his Jewishness that he gradually arrived at the kernel substance of his whole work. It became the most profound interpretation of the Jewish idea in post-biblical poetry.

In the famous *Schlaflied für Miriam* (Lullaby for Miriam) written in 1891, the peculiar antinomy that marked his entire existence was expressed: his feeling of aloneness on one side, and his subterranean, existential sense of connection with the world on the other. This connection is felt here in a very definite respect—it is with the community of his ancestors:

*Blinde—so gehn wir und gehen allein,
Keiner kann Keinem Gefährte hier sein . . .
Was ich gewonnen, gräbt mit mir man ein,
Keiner kann Keinem ein Erbe hier sein.*

("Blind—so we go, and go alone,
No one has anyone for comrade here. . .
What I have won is buried with me,
No one is heir to anyone here.")

And yet:

*Blut von Gewesenen—zu Kommenden
rollts,
Blut unserer Väter, voll Unruh und Stolz.
In uns sind Alle. Wer fühlt sich allein? . .
Du bist ihr Leben—ihr Leben ist dein. . .*

("Blood of those who were flows to those
who are to be,
Blood of our fathers, full of unrest and
pride.
In us are all. Who feels himself alone?
Thou art their life and their life is
thine. . .")

The decisive experience in *Der Tod Georgs* is the acknowledgment of the antinomy. It is this toward which George's complex feelings and reflections on the death of his friend lead. The book culminates not only in the celebration of his ancestors and in the comfort and security derived from the sense of a unity of generations that defies time and death; there also emerges the specific, missionary idea of the generations of Jews outlasting time and death: ". . . bound to the stake, awaiting the flames, innocent yet inventing sins for themselves, calling their torments 'punishment,' only that their

God might remain an unquestioned and all-righteous one . . . just as much imbued at all times with their feeling of the righteousness of God as with the blood in their veins: their victories were God's victory, their defeats, God's judgment; self-appointed witnesses of his might, a nation of saviors, anointed for thorns and chosen to suffer."

This idea—the assumption by humans of the guilt of God—was for Beer-Hofmann the core of Judaism, of a Judaism that was one with primitive Christianity.

ISRAEL offers itself as a sacrifice so that God may be faultlessly perfect, so that the principle of perfection and justice may prevail in the world, realize itself and triumph. This is the basic theme developed with extraordinary luxuriance and an oriental profusion of decorative motif in Beer-Hofmann's two Biblical dramas, *Jaakobs Traum* (1918) and *Der Junge David* (1933).

In *Jaakobs Traum* (Jacob's Dream), his greatest work, this idea is most purely expressed. Its profound dialectic between heaven and earth, and body and soul, is variously inflected: in the contrast of the earthly to the heavenly world; on earth itself, in the contrast of the worldly to the spiritual type of man (Edom and Jacob); and on the heavenly plane, in the contrast of the rebel angel Samáel, "King of the Earth," to the archangels who are the agents of God. The "Prologue in Heaven" is in this respect the core of the entire play. The dialectics is finally concentrated in Jacob himself, in the resistance he offers to the mediatorship thrust upon him from below as well as from above by the powers of the earth, springs and stones, who unburden their sorrows upon him, and by God, who also needs an "eternal spokesman and surrogate" here below—or, as Samáel puts it, "a chosen whipping-boy."

*An Deinem Dulderleibe peitscht er ewig
Sein Gottum allen andern Völkern ein. . .
Ihn schaudert vor der Qual, die Er erschaffen,
Dich braucht Er, dass Du—gläubig durch*

die Zeiten

"Dich schleppend—allen Völkern rings verkündest,
Schuldlos sei Er—und Strafe alles Leid!

("On thy patient body does He forever whip

His divinity into all other nations. . . .

He trembles before the torment he has caused.

He needs thee, gullibly dragging thyself through the ages,

That thou mayest inform all peoples roundabout

That He is innocent—and suffering is but merited punishment.")

Yet God prevails through his superior strength. The dialectic is resolved, or rather it is made corporeal and organic in Israel, the victim chosen for sacrifice, who arose from Jacob's dream-struggles.

THE second work, *Der Junge David* (The Young David), takes place entirely within the earthly sphere and is provided—even weighed down—with an overflowing abundance of ethnic-historical themes. There are two points on which the drama hinges: the first part, dealing with the downfall of Saul and David's rise, revolves about the problem of blessedness, a problem which Thomas Mann plumbed in an entirely different way in his Joseph figure.

Grace—in the mundane sphere—is first of all magic, "glamor," charm of body and being, overflowing vitality that draws people effortlessly, blandishingly subdues them. Thus did the boy David win over the melancholy old king, thus did the youth win over the king's son, daughter, dependents and the people of Judah, who then elevated him to leader in the uprising against Saul, the ruler who came from the rival tribe of Benjamin.

Grace, however, is more than the gift of involuntary effect. It proclaims itself first of all in the manner in which a man makes use of and controls his effect. Grace is also illumination, knowledge—but not indeed

that most extreme clarity of consciousness which destroys certainty and makes one's course difficult. Grace is what the Greeks called *kairos*, that instinct for the right step at the right time, for going along with the rhythm of external events so as always to keep on top. Everything that happens to one, even occasional misfortune, turns in the end to one's advantage—that is, develops according to the logic of one's own existence. Accordingly, grace is also an attitude of command, it is dignity, the gift of never being compromised by events.

And finally, grace is luck, the conjunction and happy confluence of the inner with the outer, in which one cannot determine to what extent circumstance is responsible and to what extent the mastery which exploits circumstance; for the one enhances the other.

David flees from Saul's jealous persecution to the Philistines and becomes the vassal of their king. Afterwards, when he has been raised to the leadership of Judah, Saul's war against the Philistines faces him with the alternative of violating his oath to the Philistine king or betraying his people and hereditary ruler. Loyalty and honor stand in the balance. They are rescued when the Philistine king himself rejects him and absolves him from his bond of fealty. David joins forces unconditionally with Israel's ruler. Saul still hates him but David is once again saved when the king falls in battle together with Jonathan, his heir apparent. David's way to the crown lies clear.

But now, in the second part of the play, the idea of grace veers back to the fundamental theme of *Jaakobs Traum*. The reverse side of grace is revealed: its heavy obligation, its burden, its election for sacrifice. David symbolizes in the sphere of earthly majesty a second stage in Israel's destiny. The loss of his beloved wife, Ma'acha, has struck him to the core. He longs to retreat to his private life. He longs to refuse the crown and spurn all distinction—"A wounded animal is permitted to crawl off!" They do not let him. Like Jacob's mission, the kingship is thrust on him from below by

the people and the army, from above by God through the priests and prophets and his ancestress, Ruth. A nameless old man in the crowd reproaches him:

Hier stehen hundert Jahre deines Volks—
Kein einziges ruhevoll, verstört ein jedes
Von Plünderung, Brand, verschleppten
Frauen, Kindern—

Hier knieen hundert Jahre Bangen, Hof-
fen—

Jagst du sie fort—weil heut dir Weh
geschah?! . . .

Du bist nicht dein!—ein Volk hat dich
erträumt!—

Erschaffen aus der Sehnsucht von Gesch-
lechtern,

Steigst du aus ihrem Traum. . .

Die Heimat rief dich, eh du warst—sie
ruft dich—

Lass deine Heimat, David, nicht allein!

("A hundred years of thy nation stand
before thee,

No single one peaceful, each disturbed
By rapine, arson, by women and children
carried away.

Here kneel one hundred years of fears
and hopes—

Dost thou drive them forth because thou
hast suffered a hurt today? . . .

Thou art not of thy own possessing. A
Nation conjured thee forth!

Created out of the longing of generations,
Thou risest from their dreams . . .

Thy native land called to thee ere thou
wert—she calls to thee now.

Abandon not your home, David!")

And Ruth, his ancestress, implores God:

Herr, sieh: dies Herz klappt wund und will
verbluten—

Still du die Wunde, doch lass offen stehen
Dies Herz. . . .

Er ist erwählt!—so wird er einmal klagen:
Wo blieb der Segen—welches Glück ward
mein?!

Lass damn ihn ahnen: Über allen Segen

Thront noch ein Segen: Andern Segen
sein!

("See, Lord: this heart gapes wounded
and would bleed to death.

Still thou the wound, but let this heart
stay open

He is chosen! And some day he will
complain:

'What of the blessing—what good fortune
was mine?'

Let him then guess it: above all blessings
One higher blessing is still enthroned:
to be a blessing to others!")

RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN wrote very little
—one novel, two plays, a *Theatrical Pro-
logue to King David*, a thin volume of verse,
and the autobiographical fragment *Paula*—
yet the world is greatly in his debt.

The work of his youth, the novel *Der
Tod Georgs*, though its colors may be some-
what faded and its atmosphere of fastidious
self-indulgence no longer accord with our
tougher conception of life, retains historically
an important significance. It inaugurated a
new form of narrative, the interior mono-
logue, and in so doing introduced into fic-
tion a new dimension of time. Time is no
longer bound by the absolute measure of
external events. Time becomes the subjec-
tive-relative extension of inner experience,
capable of infinite prolongation, even into
timelessness itself.

Der Tod Georgs is the first book of this
kind and stands at the beginning of a line
of development marked out by Proust, Joyce,
Kafka, Virginia Woolf and Hermann Broch.

Beer-Hofmann's Biblical plays, apart from
their poetic beauty, have exercised a special
human influence in that they have con-
fronted both the Jews and the rest of the
world with the unique meaning and the
historical role of Israel. Above all, they have
given the Jews inestimable comfort in their
terrible distress, and a message of cheer: the
doctrine of their exalted legitimacy, which
helps them rise above their sufferings. They
have indicated the proper attitude for Jews:
an attitude of dignity, pride and inner rapt-

ness. The pride of a wise humility that cleaves through all humiliation. The pride of an outlook that takes in different ages, different worlds and different experiences. The pride of a spiritual immunity gained through inner experience. And the pride, finally, of a people that from remotest antiquity has put the idea of justice and perfection above all else.

And Beer-Hofmann, the man, in his own person taught this doctrine of dignity and pride. And it did one good to see Judaism represented for once in the figure of a princely person. Much of his own Charolais, that fierce, uncompromising and impulsive knight, was in him, but much more of his David.

All those who met him will continue to

see him before them—handsome and strong, with his powerful buffalo's head (about which there was something of a Jovian disguise) and his self-confident and even imperious step; yet also the sweetness of his smile, the irresistible cheerfulness of his greeting. He exuded happiness, the beneficence of happiness and the inner security that happiness bestows. "His body and soul were preserved for him like an holy thing, his feet sure, not mired with blood and dirt. . . ."

Whatever his limitations, one had to love him with all the *défauts de ses vertus*. He was a great sheik, childlike, knowing and infinitely wise, "still clear-eyed in old age, ready to wonder," full of wilfulness, caprice and grace.

MY SISTER HANS

A Story

JENNY MACHLOWITZ KLEIN

MY SISTER Hans is no more. I hold her new-born babe in my bare hands. Its body burns my flesh. Its tiny fingers tear at my wounded heart. Hans, its mother, is no more. I sit at my sister's table and eat the food she would have prepared for me. I eat her bread salted with my unshed tears. Hans is no more. I lie in her bed. My body is cold, my eyes are tearless, my heart pounds within me, and I am afraid. For Hans, my sister, is no more. I have seen death and now I fear life.

Through the stillness of the grey dawn comes the saddened voice of my father: "Yisgadal v'yiskadash." He stands erect, still, unweeping. He knows his daughter is no more, and like Israel of old, truly his grey hairs will go down in sorrow to the grave. Tall and erect he stands, his heavy, woolen prayer-shawl covers his aging head, his voice trembles not as he sanctifies and glorifies God's name. "Yisgadal v'yiskadash sh'mey rabbah."

My father himself greeted us at the door that morning in January—so long ago. Three daughters had returned to his empty home; three daughters come from far away to honor their sister in death. We kissed my

JENNY MACHLOWITZ KLEIN, who wrote this story about orthodox Jewish life in America, was born and raised in New York's east side, one of a family of eight. "I got my love for things Jewish," she reports, "from my mother and father, types of Jews marvelous in this age." "Yisgadal" is her first published story. A graduate of the Teacher's Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary, she received her B.S. from Teacher's College at Columbia and her M.A. in English from McGill University. Mrs. Klein is the mother of two sons. At present, she is serving as Hebrew teacher and Director of Youth Activities in Temple Emanu El of Providence, R. I., and is the president of the Business and Professional Chapter of the Hadassah in Providence.

father standing there and no one uttered a word as, silently, we turned to my tiny mother, seated alone, huddled, shrivelled, bereaved in her old age.

"Come, my children, fear not. My daughters have never met death. But they must not be afraid. Mama and I have seen it often. We know its ways. Be not afraid, my daughters. Hans would have been brave. She would have stood by fearlessly. So too shall all my daughters."

With calm dignity he stands by my tiny mother, patting her trembling shoulders, soothing her tears. "Alte, Alte, we must not cry. This morning, long before the sun rose, I went to shul. No one was there so early. I alone stood with my God. For one hour I wept as a father. For one hour I wept as a man. For one hour I bemoaned my earthly fate before God. That is over. Now I can face man. Between God and myself, a bereaved father, there is peace. He knows my empty heart, he understands my saddened old age. Alte, our tears are for God. Before people we must be strong."

My mother looks at my father and is soothed.

The silence is heavy in my home. My sisters and I sit and wait. My tiny mother does not move. Only my father goes about his daily tasks. With measured tread his slippered feet walk through the quiet of the room. His feet falter not. His lips move in silent prayer. My mother too sits and prays—prays to her God who alone can send His comfort in time of her need. Who can comfort us, three sisters mourning in the bitterness of our hearts for one snatched from our midst? Who can soothe us, three all alone, in the silence that frightens, in the quiet that knows our fears? Can we reach out to a Hand that soothes? Can we cry out to a Heart that understands? Can our tears be

dried by a Breath that whispers: "Fear not for I am with thee?"

THE silence is broken by the chop-chop of a knife cutting into the firmness of fish. My father stands at work. In his hand he holds the chopper which goes up and down rhythmically as he prepares our Sabbath meal. How often have I seen that sight in my childhood. My tiny mother would stand at one end of the kitchen-table, kneading our Sabbath bread, while my father stood preparing gefillte fish.

When I was small I would ask: "Pa, why do you help ma before Shabbus?" And he would answer: "The Rabbis say that every man should have an appointed task to help greet the holy Shabbus. I prepare the fish. That is my *mitzvah* for Shabbus." And my mother would always add: "The best of everything is saved for the Shabbus. One of the Sages walking in the market on Monday saw a prize fowl and said: 'This I will keep for the Sabbath.' The next day he saw a fowl even finer than the first. That too he bought, and eating the first, saved this specimen to honor the Shabbus. So each day he found a bigger, a better, a finer fowl for the Shabbus delight. We too save the best for the Shabbus." As I sit watching my parents now those words of long ago ring in my ears—so familiar, yet so far away.

My father looks at our questioning faces as he chops away at the fish. "We are commanded by our Torah to live. Life must go on. Tomorrow is Erev Shabbus. Ma will bake our *chalah*. I will prepare our food. We cannot shame the Shabbus by our mourning. For Shabbus is a holy day and we must remember the Shabbus to keep it holy. Even today we must not forget to render unto God that which is God's."

He looked at my oldest sister. "Stay here with ma. Comfort her. Your sisters and I will go to greet Hans when she comes to her home."

Down to Hans' home we went and opened that door which had stood closed so long. My father carried with him some candles, a cup of vinegar, an egg and a tiny white cloth

bag. "Come, let us prepare her home to greet her. Hans will come home to her sisters and her house. Everything is ready for her. Put a pure linen cloth on the table, her best, the one she bought in Jerusalem, and her candlesticks from Eretz Yisroel. So she would have her home when guests arrive."

My sister and I cleaned and polished with tears. Not so my father. He went about his task tall and erect—but his step seemed slower and his long, grey beard whiter. When Hans came home he himself carried her in, took the tiny white cloth bag and put it under her head. "This is part of the holy earth I have had since we were married. For fifty-four years Alte and I have saved this bit of Eretz Yisroel for ourselves. Who would have believed that Hans would lie on some of it before we did. Sleep well, my Hans, rest easily, my daughter. May you wake up in Eretz Yisroel together with all of us. May this earth from our Holy Land cushion your head and guard you till Messiah calls us all home to Eretz Yisroel. Wait there for us, my daughter. We will surely come to you."

Slowly the house filled with mournful people. In a quiet corner sat my silent mother, huddled close in her chair, with her two tall sons standing guard over her tiny breathing body. My father moved from friend to friend, dignified and tearless. We three sisters sat together, holding close to each other, aware of our love, dazed by our loss. Could that mortal coldness be all that was left to us of Hans? Her warmth and joy filled our souls—if not our minds. She too sat here in our midst, laughing to make us warm. Hans was in us, in every move we made, in every thought we dreamed, in every sound we breathed.

IN MOURNFUL quiet we stood around my sister Hans. Our Rebbe stood at my father's side. He seemed young and straight near my aging grey-bearded father. His shining black *kapote* reached almost to his feet. His fur-trimmed *shтреiml* covered his black curly hair. Black piercing eyes cut

through the whiteness of his ascetic, holy face. "David, my friend and my teacher," he began in a clear young voice, "what can I, your Rebbe, so much younger than you who are my adviser in so many ways—what can I, a mere mortal of dust and ashes, say in this hour of your grief?" My father looked lovingly at this spiritual son of his, and listened for his words of comfort.

"Our Rabbis have told us that only twice have we been definitely promised length of days, in the Torah: once, when we are commanded to set the mother bird free before touching her young; and again in the Ten Commandments wherein God said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be prolonged.' Are we then to question the words of Moshe Rabbenu? Here before us we see Hans, your daughter, snatched from us in the spring of her life, Hans, who fulfilled both of these *mitzvot*. No one was more humane, loving and thoughtful than Hans. For that she merited length of days. Did ever parents have the honor to be served by a daughter such as Hans, whose every thought was for their welfare, whose every deed brought glory to their name, whose mere presence ushered in beauty and peace. Yet Hans is no more and we stand before her this day wondering and questioning God's way on earth. David, my friend, Hans has been given length of days. The Torah promised and it shall be! The Torah spoke of length of days—not on this earth but in a better, a purer, a holier world to come. Hans, your daughter, awaits you there. There in the world to come, she will be granted long life—a life of peace, a life of happiness. All is well with your daughter, David, my teacher."

MY MOTHER cried. No silent tears, but bitter sobs, echoed by us. My father put his arms about her, drew her shaking body close to his sheltering side. "Alte, Alte, the Rebbe is right. Who are we to question His ways?"

"My friends," he turned to the mourning throng, "thank you for coming to accompany

Hans to her rest. I am neither a Rebbe nor the son of a Rebbe, yet I must speak. I, Hans' father, address you now in humble thanks for the honor you have come to show my daughter. In the Torah, when Sarah our mother died, it is clearly stated that 'Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her.' Yet when Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob, is suddenly taken from him, no mention of weeping is made. Our Sages say: 'Is it possible?' But they answer: 'Sarah died in a ripe old age. Her life was full. She had borne a son and had raised him. Abraham had to weep himself to remind people to mourn for her. Not so Rachel. A young, dearly beloved wife, who had not known the fullness of life, a child-mother leaving two infants to a sorrowing husband—all, of their own accord, cried at her fate. So too my daughter Hans. You have come unbidden—your hearts have brought you here—your love for her who lies before us drew you to her home. My friends, Hans' friends, we all thank you."

Through clear winter sunshine we carried her body to its rest. Three of us trembled in the cold sharp air. But slowly the trembling stopped. Just such a day was meant for Hans. We could see her there, clad in brown, a knapsack on her back as she hiked through the winter fields, laughing, singing, dancing in the joy of life. This is the day the Lord has made for Hans. Our tears glisten on the pure white snow as Hans' body is carefully and lovingly lowered to peaceful rest.

"Yisgadal." My father's mournful voice reaches our embittered ears. I hold my sisters' hands. We neither tremble nor cry. Our tears are dried. Our heads are high. "Blessed be His great and holy name," we answer—we, three sisters together in the sorrow of our hearts.

We have seen death through our father's steady eyes and we fear not. Hans, our sister, is no more. But we hold her new-born babe in our warm arms and lovingly say: "Yisgadal, v'yiskadash—great and glorious is His holy name."

BUILD PALESTINE ON REALITIES

A Historic Admonition on Zionist Hopes

AHAD HA'AM

UPON my return from Palestine in 1912, I summed up my views in an article "Summa Summarum." When I then met violent criticism from various sides, I wrote some words to accompany that article as an interpretation of the criticism. I wish to remind the reader of a few of them, because they seem to me timely at present. They read as follows:

"There must be a natural relation, a connection of cause and effect, between every aim and the action undertaken to attain it. We must be able to answer the question: How is the objective to be attained by means of our acts? . . . Perhaps someone will ask: Who can predict the future? Is it not possible for quite unforeseeable things to occur and to give a new face to reality? Yes, it is possible. But it is impossible to make that contingency the basis of our method of action. It is no aim for present action, but a dream lying in the future only." (*At the Parting of the Ways*, Vol. IV., p. 179).

AHAD HA'AM ("One of the People") was the penname of ASHER GINZBERG (1856-1927), one of the greatest of modern Hebrew writers and a cultural leader of the Jewish renaissance, first in Russia and then elsewhere. The article published here is extracted from the preface to a new Hebrew edition of his collected works, *Al Parashat D'rakhim* ("At the Parting of the Ways") published in 1921 by the Jüdischer Verlag in Berlin. Ahad Ha'am wrote it in 1920 while in London. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 had just been confirmed by the Supreme Council of the Allied and Associated Powers at San Remo in April 1920, and the first Arab riots had broken out during the Passover of 1920 in Jerusalem and Tel Hai. Needless to say, this extract is of no little pertinence to the present situation in Palestine. The present translation has been made by Dr. Hugo Knoepfmacher.

About two years after these words were printed the World War began and brought about events with which we are all familiar. And "unforeseeable things occurred that gave a new face to reality." Our life became involved with world events and our reality acquired a completely new face. Much should be said and much has been said already as to the character of that new face; as to its positive as well as its negative aspects insofar as they affect both Palestine and the Diaspora. . . . I have not the strength now to examine this subject in all its aspects. At the moment I wish to say only a few words about the main features of the new face of our reality—that is, the broadening of the scope of our work in Palestine by the British government's Declaration, which was confirmed not long ago by the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference and thus transformed from the promise of a single government into an international obligation.

This Declaration provided a new basis for a working method and set forth a goal for action in the present—for large-scale action with a wide perspective, such as was until now merely the subject-matter of speeches and articles on the future, without any true basis in the present. However, the Declaration at the same time created new wings for the imaginations of those who were in the habit, even before that, of building their worlds in the air, without considering the conditions of reality down here on earth. . . .

The miracle having occurred by which things have become to a certain extent part of reality that only a short while ago were still remote from it—this miracle has had the effect that they who were waiting for miracles now consider themselves victorious. They strenuously urge that their methods be

retained in time to come and that action be conducted on the basis of the fallacious proposition that once a thing like this has happened under exceptional circumstances, it is possible that something of a similar kind will occur again in the future. Thus we shall be able to build our world according to our own wishes, without considering present reality but relying on a repetition of the miracle whenever we should need it.

A Jewish proverb goes: A mistake that turns out well does not cease being a mistake. A method of action that does not conform to reality, being premised upon an exceptional event—which might occur and change reality in its favor—is a faulty method even though it may have worked once. If a method continues to rely upon such an accidental basis—upon something occurring rarely in the course of life—and sets its action accordingly, then it will end up in catastrophe in spite of its previous success.

Not all the details of the diplomatic conversations in London which led to the issuance of the Declaration have yet been made known. But it is time to reveal one "secret," for the reader who knows it will better understand the true significance of the Declaration.

"The establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" is the literal wording of the promise made us by the British government. But this is not the wording the Zionist representatives suggested. They wanted the promise to read: "The re-constitution of Palestine as the national home of the Jewish people." But when that happy hour struck in which the deed was documented and sealed, it contained the first instead of the latter wording. This meant the suppression of any hint that we were coming to rebuild our national home. The words "re-constitution of Palestine as the national home" were replaced by "the establishment in Palestine of a national home."

The experts immediately sensed that there was something in back of this. But other people felt that it was but a mere change of style and had no particular purpose. There-

fore they tried several times later on, whenever an opportunity arose in the course of their negotiations with the government, to translate the promise into their own wording, as if nothing in the latter had been altered. But whenever they did so, they found that the government's answer repeated the literal wording contained in the Declaration itself. That showed that it was not a question of a mere phrase that might have been formulated one way or another, but that the promise was in truth limited by the literal wording—thus far and no further, it said.

I do not feel that it takes many words to explain the difference between the two formulas. If the British had accepted the text suggested to them, their promise that Palestine would be rebuilt as the national home of the Jewish people might have been interpreted as meaning that the land, as settled today, would be given back to the Jewish people because of their historic right. They would be able to rebuild the devastated land, rule it in the future, and manage all its affairs according to their own spirit, without paying attention to the assent or disagreement of its present inhabitants. This reconstruction would be nothing but the renewal of the old right of the Jews, cancelling the right of the present settlers who had established (without any right) their national home in a country not belonging to them. But as the British government explicitly stated in the document itself, it did not wish to promise anything prejudicial to the present inhabitants of Palestine. Therefore it changed the Zionist formula and gave its promise a more restricted meaning. Obviously, the government holds that a people that comes to establish its national home only by dint of the moral force of a historic right, in a country now inhabited by others, and without a powerful army or navy behind it to prove the justice of its demands, should get only what it is entitled to in truth and justice and not what world conquerors take by force of arms, inventing all sorts of claims to vindicate their actions.

There is but one interpretation of what is

contained by the historic right of a people to a land inhabited by others: the right to return and to settle in the land of its fathers, to cultivate it and to develop its resources peacefully. If the inhabitants should then complain that foreigners had come to drain the sap of the land and its inhabitants, this right would come and seal their mouths. No, these men are not foreigners in this country; they are the sons of the sons of its former owners and as soon as they return and settle down once more, they must be regarded as natives. This holds good not only for the colonists as individual citizens, but also for the whole community as a people. As soon as the people has brought back part of its national wealth—men, property, cultural institutions, etc.—the land becomes its national home again and the people is entitled to advance and improve it to the extent of its ability.

BUT this historic right does not abolish the right of the remaining inhabitants who may invoke their right of actual domicile and the work they have done in the land for generations. The country is for them too a national home at present and they too are entitled to develop their potentialities as much as they can. Thus Palestine has to be common ground for different peoples, each striving to establish their national home there.

In these circumstances it is no longer possible for it to be the national home of any one of them in the fullest sense, that is, as comprising everything included under the conception. If you build your house in a place where there are other houses and inhabitants, and not in a vacant field, you are exclusive ruler inside your own gate. There you may conduct your affairs just as you like, but outside your gate all the inhabitants of the place are your partners, and the general administration must be conducted for the benefit of all. National homes of different peoples inside one and the same country can each claim national independence only in internal affairs. The conduct of all common affairs must be entrusted to all the "land-

lords" together, if their mutual relationship and their civilization make them capable of that, or—failing this condition—to a guardian from outside who is to watch lest the right of any of the parties be curtailed.

Thus when the British government promised to promote the *establishment* of a national home in Palestine for the Jewish people and not, as was suggested to it, the *re-constitution* of Palestine as the national home of the Jewish people, the intention of this promise was a double one [*Editor's italics*]. First, it was to acknowledge the historic right of the Jewish people to establish a national home for itself. Secondly, it was to deny this right the power to supersede the right of the present inhabitants and make the Jewish people the exclusive rulers of the country.

The national home of the Jewish people must be constructed of the free materials still to be found in the land itself, or out of what the Jews bring from abroad or create through their own work—without damaging the national home of the other inhabitants. Since both national homes are in close contact with each other and some friction and conflict of interests are unavoidable—particularly during the first phase of the establishment of the Jewish national home, even the foundation stones of which are not yet properly laid—the promise must necessarily require, even though this has not been stated explicitly, a guardian for both national homes—that is for the entire country—appointed in order to supervise the whole business and to see that the holder of the historic right refrains from doing any harm to the internal affairs of the inhabitants of the country and at the same time is not interfered with in his work by his neighbors, who are stronger than he for the time being.

If in the course of time the construction of the new national home be well advanced and the Jewish people itself, no less than its neighbor, in a position to claim the right of domicile and of work done in the land, then one may ask whether the time has come to hand over the administration of the country to the "landlords" themselves, they joining

hands to conduct their common affairs honestly and justly in accordance with their needs and with the value of the contribution of each to the rebirth and development of the country.

This, and no more, is what in my opinion is to be found in the British Declaration; and this, and no more, is what our leaders and writers should have told the people lest it see more in imagination than exists in reality and fall in despair afterwards and lose confidence in the idea itself.

BUT do we not all know how the declaration was interpreted at the time of its publication and what sort of boastful and exaggerated meaning many politicians and writers have since sought to extract from it? The Jewish people, hearing them, believed indeed that the end of the Galuth had arrived and that Palestine was to become the "Jewish State" within a short stretch of time. Also the Arab people, regarded by us as non-existent ever since the beginning of the colonization of Palestine, heard them and believed that the Jews were coming to drive them from their soil and deal with them at their own will. All this led of necessity to friction and irritation on both sides and was chiefly responsible for a situation that revealed itself in all its ugliness during the days of the last Passover [the Arab riots of 1920].*

We could have learned from those events as well as from some others that had taken

* Will the reader allow me to remind him that twenty-five years ago on my return from my voyage to Palestine I already drew attention to the great misconception that had gained ground in our midst concerning the Palestinian Arabs. We regarded them as "desert savages . . . who do not see or understand what is happening around them." But in truth "the Arabs, and particularly the town-dwellers, watch and understand our actions and plans for the land, but they keep silent and pretend not to see them because they do not perceive in our present activities any threat to their future . . . but if a time comes when the life of our people in Palestine is developed to the extent that the people of the land feel it as more or less of a pressure, then they will not give way easily . . ." ("The Truth from Palestine," *At the Parting of the Ways*, Vol. I, p. 28).

place previously how long the way was from a promise on paper to its translation into deeds, and how many obstacles, not easily removed, lay in our way. But, apparently, we did not learn anything. Only a few days after the events in Jerusalem, when the British promise was confirmed at San Remo, we again began blowing the trumpet of the Messiah and issuing proclamations of "redemption."

The confirmation has—as I said above—raised the promise to the status of an international obligation, and in this respect it is doubtless of very great importance. But nothing has been added to its essence, and the formula of the old promise remains what it was before, without any change. We have discussed already the correct interpretation of its wording, but its terseness and vagueness allow those who wish to do so—as experience in Palestine has already shown—to reduce its intention almost to zero. Everything depends therefore on the good will of the guardian who was entrusted at San Remo with the translation of the formula into reality. Had we faced the truth, we would have controlled our feelings and waited a while until we could see how the paper was interpreted in action.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long on this subject, yet it is the basis of everything else. We are still confronted by difficult internal problems which need solution without delay; but the solutions we hear of from time to time are as distant from reality as heaven is from earth. Before long all these beautiful projects of the imagination will have to give way to work itself and we shall have to prove with deeds how far our material and moral power suffice to establish the national home we are entitled to build in Palestine. . . .

"Do not hurry the end" unless the proper conditions have been brought about without which this end cannot be realized. Do not despise the work that can be done in accordance with the real conditions at any moment even it may not bring the Messiah today or tomorrow.

FRANCE: A NATION BROODS

BERNARD LECACHE

PARIS

THE French today face the future in the frame of mind of an inexperienced swimmer approaching the water's edge. Their pale faces, troubled minds, and the hard and anxious tone of their voices mirror their inner tensions. Here is the ultimate reason for execrating the Pétain regime: the countenance of France has been disfigured; one of the most charming of all peoples has been reduced to pessimism and to brooding over its afflictions.

The state of mind of a France that has been defeated, subjected, pillaged and persecuted is not easily understood. I will spare the reader a balance-sheet already publicized by our experts. We lack coal, railroads, bridges, cattle. But even more serious is the fact that the Nazis and their Vichyite accomplices almost succeeded in corrupting France. Now, nearly a year after

liberation, we French still have to deal with vestiges of Hitler's regime—and this makes life more difficult than ever.

Here in France we are witnessing a paradox: although democracy has not always been entirely to their liking, the immense majority of men and women do want to see it restored. Most of the old-line political organizations are tending to revise their doctrines. But while there is no longer any talk of a "Man of Providence," most people still are yearning for a leader to whom they can give full allegiance and who in turn will give commands. That is why the referendum proposed by the Provisional Government last October 21st had the false appearance of a plebiscite. By that time, General de Gaulle, liberator of territories, had imperceptibly become for a great many Frenchmen—certainly against his own wishes—if not the "Man of Providence," at least the "Man-Everybody-Was-Waiting-For," and in a way the "Savior" without whom the country could not move forward. Yet even this attitude had its reverse side.

At London, as long as de Gaulle was the living symbol of every patriotic aspiration, he had what we call in Paris his "share of love." After liberation, however, it was no longer the heart that talked when the issue of de Gaulle was raised, but the head. A kind of sense of duty kept the French attached to de Gaulle but they no longer liked him as much as they used to. The idol, seen from near at hand, revealed his weaknesses. The idolatry disappeared—and de Gaulle himself disappeared from the public scene, at least for the time being. But the possibility of his return is near the surface of everyone's mind.

Are there any other men one can name—besides Gouin—who are capable of replacing de Gaulle? None of the former leaders of pre-war French politics has had the luck

JOURNALIST, novelist, organizer, well-known humanitarian, BERNARD LECACHE is one of the most active defenders of human rights in France. A native Parisian and a Jew, he founded the International League against Racism and Anti-Semitism in 1927 after the assassination of Petlura, the Ukrainian pogromist, by Schwartzbard. He has been president of this organization ever since; it includes Jews, Christians and Moslems and has affiliates all over the world. It played a militant role in the Resistance and continues to be active in fighting for Jewish and minority rights under the reconstruction (see the references to "we" in M. Lecache's article). M. Lecache was arrested in Algiers by the Laval regime in 1940 and released only when the Americans arrived at the end of 1942. As a correspondent and otherwise he took part then in the liberation of Italy and France. At present he edits *Le Clou*, a political and satirical weekly he founded in Paris in 1945. He is also founder of the anti-fascist weekly *Le Droit de Vivre*, suppressed under the Occupation, which is to resume publication shortly. M. Lecache intends to visit the United States this summer.

to reappear. Gouin himself is generally regarded as little more than a temporary substitute in the president's chair; many believe de Gaulle's return is not only certain but imminent.

THE French are extremely surprised to learn that Edouard Herriot, the former president of the Chamber of Deputies and head of the Radical-Socialist Party, has preserved a reputation unblemished enough abroad to cause him to be regarded as a possibility for leadership. It is not that way at all here in France where, in spite of his deportation to Germany, he is condemned as leader of the party responsible for the Munich Pacts, for installing Georges Bonnet in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, for permitting the financial scandals such as the Stavisky Affair and, finally, for never having had the strength to oppose forthrightly the Pétain-Laval *coup d'état*. The young politicians recently emerged from the Resistance either feel a kind of intellectual dislike for Herriot or are actually hostile to him. There is doubtless much injustice toward this man. But at the present moment, we in this country have resolutely and clearly decided to be unjust, because we have suffered too much from that quarter and because we have the impression that those responsible for our sufferings have not only not been punished as they ought to be but are impudently trying to return to power.

There is also Léon Blum. He is too worn out to make a bid for leadership, and were he to try to do so, that entire body of opinion sympathetic to the Communists would rise up against him, in addition to all the elements of the Right. Léon Blum wisely contents himself with playing Pope to the Socialists, with being the respected—if occasionally opposed—counselor of the new militants and with maintaining intellectual relations with General de Gaulle (which Blum's cronies compare to Goethe's relations with Eckermann—failing to mention whether it is Léon Blum or de Gaulle who most resembles Goethe).

How about Leon Jouhaux? The secretary-general of the Confédération Générale du Travail, weary of contemporary politics, is only interested in the reconstitution of the Trade Union International. Moreover, he continues to be the number-one bogeyman for the still powerful big industrial and commercial bourgeoisie.

Ex-Premier Edouard Daladier is completely discredited. Albert Sarraut and Yvon Delbos of his pre-war Cabinets are at their last gasp. Among the newcomers, the men "coming up," much ambition has been displayed but not one has appeared capable of arousing enough enthusiasm to sweep the masses.

Besides, the leaders of the Resistance are divided and at odds with one another. The groups they led are now dispersed. Everywhere people are beginning gradually to say that "it is possible to have been a hero in the struggle against the enemy and still understand nothing about the nation's interests."

Several of the heroes of the struggle against the enemy are now in deep disfavor. Pierre-Henri Tietgen and François de Menthon, whose honorific titles are beyond counting, were each for a time Minister of Justice. They both came to grief on the question of purging collaborators, which they failed to do, it is alleged, energetically enough. Henri Frenay, who founded the secret organization *Combat*, was violently attacked for alleged negligence when he headed the Ministry of Prisoners and Deportees. Today he is disliked by all who have returned from German concentration camps. Emmanuel d'Astier, who founded the secret organization *Liberation* and is now a leader without a rank-and-file—the latter having now dissolved themselves into the old-line political parties—is content to be a satellite of the Communists.

France lacks great men. The Germans and the Vichyites probably shot them or did them to death in the deportation camps. Or, if there are a few left capable of taking the leadership, they do not care to make themselves known. For the task of heading France's government today is almost insur-

mountable. One must give General de Gaulle credit at least for not having been afraid of it.

TROUBLED minds, slackened wills, disappointed hopes: this is the balance-sheet so far. The French hold their own government only partly responsible. They show a natural enough tendency to accuse the Allies, blaming the blows their prestige has received on London, Washington or Moscow. The fact of their having been ousted from Yalta, and Berlin, and the Moscow Conference hasn't helped matters. The fact that France is unable to deal with her partners on an equal basis, despite her many sacrifices of blood and money, fills the people with a bitterness that prevents them from viewing the affairs of the world objectively. And the lack of absolute rigor in the treatment of the Germans in the Anglo-American occupation zones causes some of them disgust and pain.

The French are—to get to the point of the matter—retiring within themselves. They do not lack courage, but their optimism often fails them. Once having assigned the responsibility for their miseries more or less impartially to practically everyone else, they come close to that xenophobia which they are the first to ridicule and to take offense at when its harmful effects are pointed out to them.

Racism of the kind the Nazis propagated has left its imprint. Secret organizations exist that go on spreading anti-Jewish slogans. "If you have a black market, blame the parasitic Jews." You can read that in the corridors of the Paris subway. Two or three deputies openly professing anti-Semitism were elected to the Constituent Assembly, and they are trying to recreate a movement modeled on those that thrived in Europe before 1939. One of the three big political parties of France, the Mouvement Republicain Populaire, actually hesitates to vote for the legal repression of racism. The M.R.P., composed of democratic Catholics, is led by Maurice Schumann, who was the "spokesman for France-in-arms" at London.

A Jew recently converted to the Catholic faith, he is the brother of the former secretary-general of the Consistoire Israélite de France (Jewish Council of France). Maurice Schumann has neither forgotten nor disowned his extraction. But he is fiercely opposed by other leaders of the M.R.P., eager to play up to certain supporters in the provinces who remember the time when they fought with Rightist factions against the reopening of the Dreyfus trial.*

The French are, nevertheless, not corrupted to the point where energetic measures are needed to mitigate the danger of racism and anti-Semitism. The proof lies in the fact that many demonstrations by democratic organizations have emphasized the necessity of restoring civil liberties and particularly of sweeping away every vestige of the occupation. Likewise many newspapers have publicized the scandals provoked by judicial delays in restoring Jewish property to their rightful owners. In several cases the government had to dissolve associations which, profiting from certain privileges of the law, were created solely to help the holders of Jewish property. Most political figures sided with the people who were robbed. The situation might be thought bad enough when a need exists for such protestations and measures. But there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that the Fifth Column still has sufficient strength to continue its activities, considering the weakened condition of France today. The police needs to be reorganized from top to bottom. The recruitment of magistrates to replace those who compromised themselves with the

* Since this letter was received, a draft constitution has been placed before the Assembly that includes a new "Declaration of Rights" divided into two sections, the first covering "Liberties" and the second "Economic Democracy." Article 13 guarantees freedom of religion and opinion; Articles 18 and 25 open all public and private employment to all French citizens without any distinction whatever and affirm it to be the duty and right of all men to work. Article 35 bans economic, social or political discrimination because of sex, age, color, nationality, religion, opinions and ethnic or other origins; and it provides that propaganda in any sense contrary to this be punished by law.

enemy is proving difficult. French youth in general has displayed no liking for public office and is turning away from an administration that offers such low salaries. There, too, public spirit is lacking. The country is slowly passing through its convalescence and must undergo a course of reeducation.

THE time is not so long past when, according to Mussolini's terrible phrase, fascism "trod over the decomposed corpse of the goddess Liberty"; when Jewish children were torn from their mothers; when Jewish mothers were exposed to the sadism of the conquerors; when the youth of Europe journeyed to the crematory ovens; when pillage was erected into a doctrine, when the conquerors decreed that the life and property of the "natives" of the occupied countries were at the discretion of their executioners.

In those days how else could robbery have been looked upon than as a law of nature? The French were at the same time dumbfounded and indignant when they saw a High Commission of Jewish Affairs officially charged with the codification, organization and judicial ratification of pillage instituted under the lofty patronage of Marshal Pétain. Set up along lines established by the Nazis, its sole purpose the acquisition of loot, it was an official branch of the Vichy government. A complete system of "provisional" administrators, administrators of sequestered goods, controllers of loot and distributors of stolen goods was instituted, a system as efficient in the occupied zone as in the so-called "free" zone. Over a period of four years an enormous portion of France's national wealth disappeared by individual and collective means into the baggage trains of the foreigner, or served to create a very particular type of collaborator—the "economic collaborator." The most optimistic estimates indicate that an incalculable amount of the French patrimony was stolen in this way and shared between the occupying force and its accomplices.

When, after liberation, the Provisional Government abrogated all the Vichy laws, it followed—one might say, automatically, as

a matter of pure justice, in accordance with republican right and in conformity with the re-established law—that those robbed of their property ought to have been able to recover in a short time what had been taken from them. An article of the decree abrogating the Vichy laws stipulated that in cases where it was impossible to restore property, increased indemnities ought *ipso facto* to be granted injured parties.

This proved too simple a solution. No one had reckoned on the corruption and greed of the despoilers, nor on the aid they continued to receive from the civil administration and even the police, nor on their determination to retain their ill-gotten gains. People who should have gone to prison for perjury, embezzlement of state funds and conspiracy in the theft of goods belonging to private citizens appealed to the powerful interests protecting them and refused to yield to justice. Despite constant intervention by various organizations, including the International League Against Racism and Anti-Semitism, the decree did not receive a general application. Engineered anti-Jewish disturbances several times broke out in Paris itself, in defense of the despoilers against the "inadmissible unreasonableness" of their victims.

In spite of a general spiritual passivity and the weakness of civil power, we still owe homage to the legislators of France. Unusual legislators they were, in any case, since they were not invested with their offices by virtue of an elective mandate but were simply deputized by the Consultative Assembly upon presentation of their titles in the Resistance. These men constructed, with our support and our advice, a series of ordinances later adopted in their entirety by the Provisional Government of the Republic, ordinances that, theoretically at least, dispense honest justice.

These ordinances can be summed up as follows:

a) Those who can prove they were despoiled of their goods are entitled to immediate restitution from the tribunals, subject to certain limitations.

b) Any French citizen forced by Vichy's racial laws to sell, cede or liquidate his commercial enterprise, apartment, negotiable securities, etc., has unconditional right of restitution, with account being taken of the present increased value of furniture, securities, etc.

But what actually takes place now? The despoiled person, strong in his good faith, tells his story to the judge who, in 95 per cent of the cases, decides in his favor and orders the expulsion of the person improperly occupying his house or his business.

Armed with this judgment, he goes to the police commissioner charged with executing it. It is at this point that the more or less official secret gangs intervene and halt the process. The victim not only has to delay legal repossession, but must also appeal to the courts again and involve himself in expensive, difficult and slow litigation that puts off, possibly forever, what the law of the Republic had promised him.

One comes across thousands of men and women compelled to live *à la cloche de bois*, as they say in Paris—that is, without a bed

to sleep in—while those who robbed them live on their furniture and refuse to get out.

Our young people (of the Resistance) several times have had to substitute for the feeble official authority, taking into their own hands the expulsions ordered by the magistrates, and thereby causing regrettable but necessary public disturbances. The widow of an Auschwitz deportee and the mother of three children was able only recently to leave the night-shelter in which she had been put and regain her modest lodging in the twentieth arrondissement of Paris, from which we had driven out an anti-Jewish collaborationist. Several hours later, however, taking advantage of our absence, a band of anti-Semitic gangsters broke into the apartment, threw the shabby furniture out of the windows and set fire to it.

No, Hitler has not been completely defeated, since the spirit of Hitlerism survives in certain quarters, since moral equilibrium returns so slowly, since the guilty can still laugh at their victims and since the law has not yet recovered its impartiality. No wonder the French brood.

THE MONTH IN HISTORY

Politics—Foreign and Domestic

IN THE SPRING of 1946, it became clear that the United States at last had a foreign policy that was definite in at least one respect: it was against Russian expansionism. The United States would no longer mediate between the Soviet Union and Great Britain. It was not simply supporting Britain. It was now taking the lead. The struggle for power was now fairly obviously one between the Soviet Union and the United States, with Great Britain as the junior English-speaking partner.

At the moment when the sharpest skirmish in this struggle was taking place in the Near East, the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry arrived in that part of the world. The Committee was charged only with suggesting a solution to the problems of Jewish refugees. It could hardly be expected that Palestine's contribution to this solution would be determined purely on its merits or that the impassioned pleas of Jews and Arabs would be considered without reference to their effect on the larger struggle.

With the Committee winding up its hearings and starting actual preparation of its report, a hiatus seemed to descend on Jewish political life. The Committee's recommenda-

THIS regular department in COMMENTARY is written by SIDNEY HERTZBERG, whose assignment it is to provide an objective and unpartisan monthly report of tides and trends in Jewish affairs in their relationship to world events. His is the difficult and somewhat hazardous task of trying to set down history (sometimes very confusing history) as it is made. He brings to this department the perspective gained by years of study of the stuff of history, and lengthy experience as a news analyst and editor with *Current History*, *Time*, the *New York Times* and *Common Sense*. His reports, like other contributions to COMMENTARY, are, of course, expressive of the writer's judgment, and do not necessarily express the opinion of the editors of COMMENTARY.

tions, which would undoubtedly become the official policy of the English-speaking powers, would have a profound effect on Jewish organizational life everywhere. Its effect in Palestine was obvious. But it would also be felt in all countries because everywhere relations among politically conscious Jews had been deeply affected by the controversy over an immediate commonwealth in Palestine.

In the United States Jewish life had been wracked by unprecedented bitterness. A "Jewish commonwealth" in Palestine had become the official Zionist platform on May 17, 1942. Opposition to this position from other Jews came to be considered by Zionists not simply a difference of opinion, but an act of treason.

Dr. Julius Morganstern, president of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, opened the academic year in the fall of 1945 with the comment that insistence on a Jewish commonwealth had resulted in "a division in American Israel more pronounced and intolerant, and with issues and antagonism more clearly and aggressively defined than ever before."

On November 8, 1945, the executive committee of the American Jewish Conference, to which a large number of Jewish organizations belonged, referred to the activities of the American Jewish Committee and the American Council for Judaism as "sabotage of the aims and hopes of the Jewish people."

In an article in the November 1945 issue of *Jewish Frontier*, highly regarded publication of the American Labor Zionists, dealing with opponents of the current Zionist line and entitled "The Little Foxes," Ben Halpern, managing editor, concluded melodramatically: "History will know how to judge those who, wittingly or unwittingly, stabbed them [the Jewish people] in the back. Jews today also know."

Representative Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn on the floor of the House on December

19 said: "A commonwealth does not mean all Jews must go to Palestine. That is absurd. Some of our smug, self-satisfied economic Bourbon Jews say that. They speak falsely."

At the convention of the Zionist Organization of America, Dr. Israel Goldstein, retiring president, referring to the American Council for Judaism, said that "nothing will convince that handful of obdurate, phobia-ridden creatures of the baselessness of their phobias save the actuality of the Jewish commonwealth itself."

Such talk reflected the feeling of some Jews toward other Jews after the end of World War II brought an intensified campaign for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine.

The Drive for Unity

During this period Zionists engaged in the most vigorous effort ever seen in American Jewish life to marshal every Jewish group into unity behind their aims.

But unity, in an organizational sense, was something American Jews could hardly achieve. Being of necessity voluntary associations, Jewish organizations could not be joined under one slogan or formula. Furthermore, there were groups who in principle believed that it was only on a religious basis that Jewish life should be organized, and who vigorously opposed Jewish organization on any other basis. And there were others who thought of themselves as "pro-Palestine" or even "pro-Zionist" but for one reason or another opposed the immediate demand for a Jewish state.

When Hitler came to power, however, most Jewish organizations began to feel that there was urgent need for unified action against anti-Semitism at home and, if possible, for the protection of Jews abroad. Out of this feeling came a federated organization including nearly all shades of Jewish opinion and calling itself the American Jewish Conference. A tenuous unity was maintained until the Conference took a position in favor of an immediate Jewish commonwealth. At that point, the American Jewish Committee felt it it had to leave.

From then on, recrimination became uninhibited. Extreme points of view gained. Jews who had been simply vaguely pro-

Zionist became partisans of the most militant Zionist positions and reacted with emotional violence to all opponents of Zionism—Jewish, Arab or Christian. At the same time, some Jews who had simply been passively anti-Zionist decided it was time for a formal organized assault on Jewish nationalism.

About this time the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism was founded under the presidency of Lessing J. Rosenwald, eldest son of Julius Rosenwald, the late head of Sears Roebuck. The American Jewish Committee, trying to keep its mind on the job of protecting Jewish rights everywhere, found itself caught between the two extremes. The Committee had lost its most active anti-Zionist members to the Rosenwald organization. The American Jewish Committee's position emerged more clearly as middle-of-the-road: it was for large-scale immigration into Palestine and implementation of the Balfour Declaration, but it was not for an immediate Jewish commonwealth in Palestine, though it did not actively oppose it.

Jewish Civil War in the Press

In New York City, with the largest Jewish population in the world, efforts to rally the Jews for Zionism were the most vigorous. Internecine struggles among Jews were carried on in the press. It was to be seen almost daily in the pages of the *New York Post*, published by Mrs. Dorothy Thackrey, granddaughter of the late Jacob H. Schiff. During the six months preceding April 1, 1946, the *Post* printed twenty-five full-page advertisements dealing with some aspect of Jewish politics. Anybody with 500 dollars could take a full-page ad in the *Post* and seek supporters and contributions for a scheme that would solve all the problems of the Jews.

To both Jews and non-Jews unfamiliar with Jewish organizational life, the picture became confusing. Organizations with the most ambitious advertising programs and the most ingenious publicity men tried to achieve an importance in the public mind that they did not have in actual fact.

The most persistent and resourceful of these promoters was Peter H. Bergson, chairman of the Hebrew Committee of National Liberation. Mr. Bergson regarded himself as the head of a "Hebrew" nation in exile.

His group, at this juncture trying to carry water on both shoulders, evolved a distinction between "Hebrews" as "nationals" of a Hebrew nation in Palestine and Jews as adherents of a religious faith who could live in any part of the world including Hebrew Palestine. Mr. Bergson, former member of a Palestinian terrorist group, enjoyed little support among Jews. But, through the promotional activities of his Committee and of his American League for a Free Palestine, of which former Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa was chairman, he was able to command attention.

Reckrimination

The bitterest Zionist denunciations were reserved for the American Council for Judaism. A much discussed example came after the Council published its program in a full-page advertisement in the *New York Post* on November 20, 1945. The statement was a serious presentation of the Council's position free from abuse and personalities. The Zionists replied officially a week later in a full-page advertisement taken by the American Zionist Emergency Council, over-all organization of the four largest Zionist groups. The ad contained a brief statement from Albert Einstein in which he accused the Council of trying "to obtain favor and toleration from our enemies by betraying true Jewish ideals," and compared the Council with the Central Association of German Citizens of Jewish Faith which, according to Einstein, "in the days of our crucial need showed itself utterly impotent and corroded the Jewish group by undermining that inner certitude by which our Jewish people could have overcome the trials of this difficult age."

The ad then sought to brush off the Council because Lessing J. Rosenwald had been a member of the America First Committee. It failed to point out that Einstein was against the official Zionist position for a Jewish state, and that a number of supporters of Zionism, such as Senator Robert Taft, co-author of the resolution supported by the Zionists and adopted by the Senate in December, remained supporters of the America First Committee long after Rosenwald resigned.

The Zionists took the position that the American Council for Judaism was of no

importance, but at the same time they never lost an opportunity to attack it. One of the sharpest exchanges came on the matter of whether Zionists owed a dual national allegiance. In his testimony before the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, Rosenwald raised the point that if all Jews were entitled to immigration into Palestine "as of right," they had a privilege that no other American citizens enjoyed. Rosenwald's statement brought Rabbi Stephen S. Wise to his feet to insist on the unusual privilege of an immediate reply. He read a statement made by the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis denying that Zionism involved double allegiance. Rabbi Wise concluded by saying: "Your charity, Mr. Chairman, your kindness, to the witness of a moment ago does not cover up or cancel the defamation of the dead involving his basic utterance that Justice Brandeis and Justice Cardozo, were among the dead, and I and Justice Frankfurter, among the living, and my associates, that we are guilty of double allegiance. In the name of 5,000,000 American Jews I resent that defamation of the dead and the living alike."

When Rabbi Wise sat down, Justice Joseph C. Hutcheson, American co-chairman of the Committee, quietly remarked: "I knew Mr. Justice Brandeis. He was a temperate man and a man who had the utmost respect for the views of others. I had the pleasure of calling him my friend. I think his outstanding characteristic was that he respected the opinions of others though they differed with us."

Later, a group of Jewish chaplains denounced the Council for insinuating that "Zionism tends to diminish the full measure of devotion" of chaplains who supported Zionism. "Such an accusation," their statement said, "comes with particularly bad grace from an organization which numbered amongst its leadership men who did not respond to the call of the responsible Jewish commission to serve in the chaplaincy."

The remark was intended to impugn the patriotism of Rabbi Elmer Berger, executive director of the Council, for his failure to become a chaplain—an accusation which when made had touched off a fierce controversy in the Anglo-Jewish press. He had volunteered but been medically rejected.

Pioneers

The principal contribution of American Jews to Palestine had been financial. Since the establishment of the mandate, they had made available a total of \$155,000,000. Of this amount more than \$110,000,000 went as gifts through major Jewish organizations in the United States; about \$45,000,000 were private Jewish investments. The total accounted for more than a quarter of the foreign capital invested in Palestine.

On the other hand, Jews from the United States provided only a tiny fraction of the immigrants to Palestine. During the years 1922-44, 8,507 Jews from the United States entered Palestine out of a total immigration of 347,500.

Though the urgent plea for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine was based on the homelessness of European Jews, Zionist spokesmen during the winter of 1945-46 began trying to recruit young pioneers from America "to help build and defend" Palestine. To a farewell celebration in New York's Carnegie Hall for twenty young men and women who were leaving the United States to become Palestine pioneers, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, president of the Zionist Organization of America, sent this message:

"The hour demands more than financial aid for the upbuilding of Palestine. The Yishuv now looks to us for some of the strong hands, stout hearts and alert minds needed for the continued progress of the Jewish National Home. We are being called upon to bring to the Yishuv some of that pioneering spirit which is so uniquely characteristic of America and its people. I am confident that many of our young men and women will hasten to answer this call."

David Ben Gurion, chairman of the executive of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, appealed to American Zionists to organize a movement for large-scale emigration of Jews from the United States to Palestine "in order to fill the gap caused by the destruction of European Jewry."

Junior Hadassah, the Young Women's Zionist Organization of America, decided to contribute actively to an "influx of healthy American youth to Palestine by organizing a special organization to nurture the pioneering spirit among its members, to advise them and train them in preparation for going to Palestine as pioneers."

Through the efforts of the Hechalutz Organization of America, a group that trained American pioneers for Palestine, American veterans were enabled under the GI Bill of Rights to study in Palestine at the Haifa Technion or the Hebrew University.

And in a Harlem gymnasium in New York City, young Zionist Revisionists, militant advocates of a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan River, were trained in drill, jiu jitsu, map-reading, Palestine geography and topography, radio communications, Jewish history, Hebrew, Arabic, wrestling and hand-to-hand fighting. Their open objective was to get to Palestine by legal or illegal methods. Pictures of these young American men and women in foreign-looking uniforms were given large display in the New York press. By any standard they were news. Almost all sectors of Jewish life were disturbed by these pictures and by what they seemed to reveal about the ultimate logic of the extreme Zionist position.

This activity was not allowed to pass without protest. The American Jewish Committee, in a statement of "profound dissent," said: "The Jews of the United States are an integral part of America and cannot countenance the idea of emigration of Jews of America to any other country in the world." The American Council for Judaism, pointing out that Americans had contributed money for the resettlement of displaced Jews, opposed depriving any of them of immigration certificates to Palestine in order to make it possible to resettle American Jewish youth in Palestine.

The Apostate

Along with the growth of Zionist sentiment as a reaction to the decimation of European Jews, there was among American Jews an intensification of Jewish self-consciousness and national feeling, sometimes tinged with chauvinism and isolationism.

One of the extreme examples of the operation of this tendency was the excoriation by American Orthodox rabbis of the writings of Sholem Asch, the most widely known Yiddish writer of the day. Asch's efforts to find an integral relationship between Judaism and Christianity were examined by the Beth Din of America, the tribunal of the Orthodox rabbinate. The rabbis found him

to be "a renegade from the fold of Judaism" and declared:

"We do hereby declare the writings and epistles of Sholem Asch as heretical and un-Jewish. We furthermore caution our brethren of the Household of Israel to be wary of his apostacies and shun his literary effusions."

Observers noted the growth of the number of full-time students in Jewish parochial schools.

Advisory Budgeting

The division among Jews on Zionism was reflected in Jewish welfare organizations. How this struggle affected nonpolitical Jewish life was best illustrated in the controversy over a national advisory budgeting service for local Jewish philanthropies. Money for Jewish philanthropic work was raised by local groups and the allocation of this money was also determined locally. Apart from purely local welfare work, Jewish communities also raised money for national and overseas purposes. The bulk of non-local funds was allocated to the United Jewish Appeal, the largest part of whose allocation went to two organizations: the Joint Distribution Committee, a purely relief organization operating on a worldwide scale, and the United Palestine Appeal, which in turn distributed its allocation to organizations engaged in building a Jewish homeland in Palestine. A third group, the National Refugee Service, which engaged in aiding and adjusting refugees to the United States, received the smallest share of funds.

For many years the Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, the central national organization of Jewish philanthropic groups, had reviewed the budgets and activities of recipient organizations and presented its findings to local federations. It had long been proposed that, in addition to factual findings, the Council also make definite recommendations to local federations concerning the allocation of funds. These recommendations would be advisory, not mandatory.

This additional step was strongly opposed by the Zionists. It was described by Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver as "a serious threat to Palestine and Zionist fulfillment."

The proposal seemed sound and progres-

sive in 1941 and was approved in a referendum of member agencies of the Council by a vote of 135 to 119. But in view of the size of the opposition, the plan was not put into practice in full. The proposal again came before the Council at its general assembly in February 1946. Here it was defeated by a vote of 264 to 53.

The Zionists opposed the proposal because they feared that Zionist causes would not get what they might consider a fair share of the sums collected. Zionists felt that their influence was stronger in local communities than in the national organization where, they held, both non- and anti-Zionist sentiment was over-represented. Zionists were credited with organizing the successful opposition to national advisory budgeting under the slogan of a call to thrust back an invasion of local autonomy. The issue was not simple. Zionism was not the sole ground on which it was fought, and the Zionists themselves were not agreed on the basis of their opposition. But the defeat of national advisory budgeting was taken to be another indication of the rise of Zionist influence in American Jewish life.

United for Welfare

None of these controversies, however, had any effect on the vigor and growth of closely united Jewish activity in the welfare field. American Jews were contributing more money than had ever been raised before. National and overseas organizations asked for a total of \$140,000,000 for 1946. The largest item was the \$100,000,000 drive of the United Jewish Appeal.

Other campaigns included an effort to raise \$15,000,000 in the next five years by the Jewish Theological Seminary of America for "the spiritual rehabilitation of Jewry." Also, a \$5,000,000 campaign for Yeshiva University in New York; a \$5,000,000 campaign by the Vaad Haatzala, Orthodox Jewish group, for the specifically religious aspect of Jewish relief work in Europe; \$4,000,000 for the American ORT Federation, to train and equip Jewish refugees with tools and machinery; \$5,000,000 for the Joint Defense Appeal, to support the program of the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith; \$3,000,000 for the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society; \$1,000,000 for the Jewish

National Fund; \$3,000,000 for supplies and machinery to be sent to Biro-Bidjan, autonomous Jewish region in the Soviet Union; \$200,000 for the Palestine Labor League.

These drives were in addition to the campaigns for purely local health and welfare needs in Jewish communities. New York's Federation of Jewish Philanthropies led off in January with the collection of \$23,500,000, the largest amount ever obtained in a single campaign for health and welfare needs by a private philanthropic organization in a single city. Of the total raised, \$9,000,000 was for current maintenance expenditures of the Federation's 116 member agencies, and the remainder was for a building fund. Other communities were making commensurate efforts.

International Agreement

It was possible to find a large measure of agreement among Jews even on many aspects of the overseas problems. Late in February, a conference of Jewish organizations met in London with fifty-seven delegates from seventeen organizations in thirteen countries. In addition to Western Europe delegates came from the United States, Argentina, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria.

One of the most interesting aspects of the conference was the fact that it was held at all. It was called by the American Jewish Committee and its non-Zionist British counterpart, the Anglo-Jewish Association. Neither of these organizations represented or claimed to represent the bulk of the Jews in their respective countries. The Jewish organizations in the nations invited had generally been considered bound to the World Jewish Congress, a strongly Zionist body. But it turned out that none of these groups considered themselves tied to the World Jewish Congress, and were quite willing to confer under other auspices.

The conference was called for a frank exchange of views and information in the hope that existing areas of agreement would be enlarged. The conference passed no resolutions and made no decisions; nothing it did was considered binding on the organizations represented.

The delegates were a highly mixed group. Their views included almost all shades of opinion on Jewish problems, and also the full spectrum of general political opinion,

from Tory to Communist. Whatever seemed to be the general sentiment of this group was undoubtedly the minimum united program of most Jews throughout the world.

The reports to the conference on which there seemed to be general agreement favored large-scale immigration into Palestine and the removal of restrictions on Jewish land purchases. They also agreed that displaced persons in Germany and Austria should be evacuated immediately and resettled in countries of their choice.

The Inquiry

THE HOPE of an immediate Jewish state in Palestine seemed to disappear completely with the testimony of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, before the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry in Jerusalem. Asked whether he believed that a Jewish state should be established at once, the Zionist leader, who is also an Englishman, said:

"No. What I want is the abolition of the White Paper and the beginning of immigration and settlement. I want to bring in a maximum number of European Jews during a transitional period, eventually leading to a Jewish state, after a Jewish majority has been realized."

He added he was not interested in the "trappings" of a Jewish state, but wanted "state power" for Jews to develop the country.

David Ben Gurion, chairman of the executive of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, expressed his view in these terms:

"Our aim is not a majority. Our aim is a Jewish state. By a 'Jewish state' we mean Jewish soil, Jewish labor, a Jewish economy, Jewish schools, language and culture. We also mean Jewish security. We mean complete independence."

The Jews, Ben Gurion said, would never renounce these claims.

In Cairo a week earlier, Abdul Rahman Azzam Bey, spokesman for the Arab League, had been equally emphatic. He told the Committee of Inquiry that all the Arab states were implacably opposed to any further development of any kind toward a Jewish homeland or state in Palestine.

The Balfour Declaration, said Azzam Bey, was "merely a unilateral personal message" from Lord Balfour to Lord

Rothschild and was invalid because Britain did not then possess Palestine.

Familiar Routine

- In Palestine, meanwhile, the war of the Jews against the British authorities settled down to a familiar routine. There would be an attack by members of the Haganah, the resistance movement which supported the Jewish Agency, on "a military objective" such as a radar depot that had been spotting ships carrying illegal immigrants. Immediately after the attack, the Voice of Israel, the secret radio transmitter of the Jewish resistance movement, would describe the attack, give the reasons for it, the results, the casualties, and other relevant information.

Then the Palestine authorities, with virtually unlimited emergency powers, would act. Police and troops would cordon off the area and throw a dragnet over it. They

would impose a curfew, and check all traffic from this point to that. They would hold a large number of persons for questioning. They would conduct house-to-house searches and make an appropriate number of arrests. Then they would begin to release those held for questioning, beginning with the government officials, foreign consuls and visiting American oil men who were picked up because they were wearing European clothes. In the end a handful might remain in custody.

If the attack resulted in any Jewish deaths, there would be a huge, silent throng at a public funeral. There might also be a protest against police misconduct. Then things would quiet down. The curfew would be lifted, things would return to an appearance of normality, and everybody, Jews, Arabs and the British, would wonder what was going to happen next.

SIDNEY HERTZBERG

FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

MY WAR WITH SOL BLOOM

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

THE other day, browsing through the *English Dictionary of National Biography*, I was rather surprised to stumble across the name of Julius Caesar. The great Roman, I thought, could hardly have earned a place in that national shrine by invading England. It turned out indeed that the gentleman in question was Sir Julius Caesar, a lawyer of Italian extraction who held important judgeships under Queen Elizabeth and the early Stuarts. His descendants made the most of the family name by baptizing their sons Julius, Titus and Tiberius. The judge, I dare say, was far less pleased with his name. The wits of the time were notorious punsters and practical jokers and they must have made his life miserable by mistaking him for the dictator of Rome.

I felt an instant sympathy for Sir Julius, the sympathy of a fellow sufferer. These many years I have been walking in his very

As this sketch will perhaps help to make clear, SOLOMON F. BLOOM is not Congressman Sol Bloom, the Representative from New York and Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. He is instead and quite distinctly a professor of history at Brooklyn College, where he gives courses in intellectual history. Another recent product of his mind and typewriter was "The Saga of America's 'Russian' Jews," a sober document based on a study by the Yiddish Scientific Institute which appeared in the February COMMENTARY. Professor Bloom is the author of *The World of Nations* as well as several studies of Marxism. Formerly education editor of the *New York Times*, he has written also for the *Journal of the History of Ideas*, *Jewish Social Studies*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and *Politics*.

shoes. Between an Elizabethan judge and an American college teacher there is surely no greater gulf than between the "Unconquerable God" Julius Caesar and the Tammany Congressman Sol Bloom. My politics and my *Weltanschauung* being somewhat different from the famous statesman's, I have been willing to consider our relationship as trivially nominal. But I have been in a minority of one. Friends and enemies alike—they are not to be distinguished from this point of view—have delighted in confusing me with the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. Although we have never met, the Congressman and I have been receiving each other's mail, inadvertently reading it on occasion, and answering each other's telephone calls. Certainly I have been doing my half of the job diligently.

IT WAS fun at first. The telephone directory I used to list only a business address for the Congressman and immediately after it my own residence address and number. This innocent sequence brought me many an important call: from city editors in search of copy, from constituents brimming over with admonition and advice, from smaller-fry politicians hunting for favors. I became quite versed in the pompously vague style of statesmanship and learned to handle delicate situations with discretion and tact. I took my illegitimate responsibilities seriously and the record would show—if there were one—that in all these years the Congressman was not committed by me to anything dangerous or definite.

Of course, with the satisfactions of power came its heartaches and disillusionments. Being fairly sentimental about people, I was saddened to find them so cynical in dealing

with us politicians. Some fashionable seasons ago, I spent most of my time being brutal to dowagers who yearned to have themselves and their daughters presented to Their Britannic Majesties at the Court of St. James. It hurt me as much as if I were the real thing. And I remember with particular vividness a petition from one of my younger "constituents" for an assignment to West Point. He informed me thoughtfully that nine members of his family had been voting my way for years. I had to turn him down after the usual careful consideration. My letter to him was a most un-Sol-Bloom-like lecture on the superiority of the peaceful arts and ended with Dr. Samuel Johnson's reflections on the last refuges of the scoundrel.

Gradually, an unearned sense of self-importance settled upon me. I began to fancy myself a Man of Power, a Pillar of State. Some people, I would say to myself, are born famous, others acquire fame in painful ways, and I was simply nominated to it. But one unhappy day, the Hon. Sol Bloom, looking around for new fields to conquer, trenched on my professional territory: *he* began to fancy *himself* a historian. He made his debut by announcing the discovery of a neglected figure in American history—name of Washington—and of a neglected document—the Constitution of the United States.

It was, I thought, time for action. Admiral Richard Byrd having returned from one of his poles, I naturally received Sol Bloom's invitation, gold-embossed, to attend a banquet in his honor, and sit with the speakers. I had a good mind to read the distinguished assembly a withering attack upon my namesake's hero in the hope that the ensuing controversy would establish my distinct and contrary existence. There was no room in the world for two Sol Blooms. But even the bravest soul weakens—and I must confess I did. At the last moment my resolution faltered. From then on, I was reduced to small revenges. I no longer took delight in clandestine political posturings. I no longer enjoyed the telephone calls from

the great and near-great. I turned for relief to the New York Telephone Company.

That great institution assigned a whole Vice-President to study my problem. He spent several weeks collecting a dossier of memoranda, precedents and findings-of-fact. Then he invited my suggestions.

"It seems to me," I said, "that the only way to end the confusion and stop people who want to talk to the other Bloom from calling me, is to print after my name 'Definitely not the Congressman.'"

The Vice-President in charge of troubles demurred.

"That," he announced with the solemnity of an Imperial Court Chamberlain, "would be decidedly against our policy. We may state what you in fact are, but we may not state what you are not."

Under our American system of government, I replied, what I was in real life would not be incompatible with my being also a member of Congress.

"Of course," the Imperial Court Chamberlain declared, after a brief study of his notes, "we can take your name out of the telephone directory altogether."

I did not mean to withdraw defeated, and firmly rejected this idea. Finally, he pulled out of the dossier a compromise suggestion, which was that only the initials of my first and middle name be published. Such a listing, according to a study made by the appropriate department of the New York Telephone Company, would advance my name seventeen lines above that of the Congressman.

The plan worked. It worked so well that I never received another telephone call. Nobody, it seems, knew me by my initials. The Honorable Sol Bloom was taking all my calls.

I began to brood. The most elegant solution which suggested itself seemed also the most hazardous. There are severe penalties for assassinating important members of Congress. But strange as it may seem, a golden opportunity presented itself for doing the next best thing: removing the Congressman from public life altogether.

THE history of the Ham War began with petty incidents, as do most wars.

Enter Lulu, the maid, who used to do my marketing and her own in a monster food store located in upper Manhattan at the edge of you-know-by-now-whose district. Dozens of employees of the market belonged to the local Democratic Club. They fairly worshipped Sol Bloom as the Protector of the People. Under the impression that Lulu was *the* Sol Bloom's maid, they waited obsequious attendance upon her. She was favored with the best cuts of meat and the best smells of cheese. In the eyes of Lulu, who worked for me for nearly a year without discovering my profession, I rose to heroic proportions, and so did the bills. I was too self-important to disillusion her.

One day Lulu came home very disturbed. She had ordered a ham for herself and, unaccountably, the store was at once thrown into wild confusion. Word of her order spread quickly from salesman to salesman. They promptly left their various posts and gathered in noisy groups. It seems that the Congressman was prominent in Jewish religious life and had always been regarded as an orthodox adherent of the faith. The order for ham therefore came with the force of an explosion.

The sales force split into two irreconcilable parties. The Hamites argued that what a man eats is his own business, and that there was no evidence that the ham was intended for Bloom's honorable consumption. The anti-Hamites were intransigent. An order for the forbidden meat defied all the proprieties. As fortunate chance would have it, Sol Bloom was then in the midst of a campaign for re-election. The anti-Hamites threatened to withdraw their support unless the candidate offered an explanation and apology. The Right Wing of the "antis" were for electing a delegation to wait on the Congressman, but the radical Left insisted on a heckling spree at the rally scheduled for that very evening.

I recognized in the scandal the means of my deliverance. I turned to Lulu:

"From now on and until the first week in

November, you will order nothing but ham and more ham."

She stared, incredulous. Her meat purchases during the following month, I attempted to explain to Lulu, were fraught with political, perhaps even international significance. They might spell changes in the Congressional committees, in the balance of parties in Washington.

"Don't you see? You can eat Sol Bloom out of Congress."

THE Ham War broke out. As she and her family consumed one ham after another, ugly rumors began to undermine the popularity of my nemesis. Unfortunately Lulu, who was otherwise an excellent cook, had a limited ham repertoire and capacity. Her character began to crack under the cyclical strain of roast ham, grilled ham, boiled ham, devilled ham, ham salad, roast ham, grilled ham . . . Her gastronomic boredom persuaded me that perhaps she had eaten enough ham to unseat Bloom.

It was a fatal miscalculation. Long before the election, Lulu went back to stews, and Sol Bloom, as the whole world knows, went back to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and on to leadership in the United Nations Organization.

In that leadership, the Congressman may be able to contrive permanent peace for the world, but on the more immediate issues between us, it seems there can be no peace. The latest bulletin from our front came only the other day in the form of the following letter. I have changed the writer's name.

SERVICE MEN'S CENTER

Jan. 26,

Dear Dr. Bloom,

Its [sic] been quite some time since I was in your class—a year to be exact. I think it best for me to tell you of myself so that you'll know who I am. I'm Mr. Tuckow. I was in your history 2 class. I believe we met the second hour. I used to sit in the back of room right in the center. You may remember me by my english [sic]. You recommended [sic] I read so that I could learn to express my thoughts more clearly. I hope you remember me now.

You must be wondering why I'm writing? As you can see from my address I'm in service and stationed in Ill. I came across [sic] a book which you wrote, *The Story of the Constitution*. I remember you told us you wrote a book on the constitution. I wasn't sure it was yours till I saw your name. I just finished the book and I think it is excellent.

Your ex-student,
(Pvt.) Henry Tuckow.

Many thanks, Pvt. Tuckow. Only my little book is the *World of Nations*. *The Story of the Constitution* is by another hand—need I say whose? And if *The Story of the Constitution* is excellent, then I am Sol Bloom.

The war goes on!

MY FATHER'S RUSSIANS

DAVID BERNSTEIN

MY FATHER, Herman Bernstein, in his professional life a dignified journalist and editor, was in his spare time a very easy mark for the fly-by-night publishing firms which, in the 20's, produced numerous imitations of "Who's Who in America." And when one of these firms sent him a questionnaire asking for his favorite hobby, after pondering "people" and "travel," he wrote in the word "Russia."

My own opinion, even at that time, was that "hobby" was a feeble description for an activity which consumed so many of my father's waking hours. "Second vocation" would have been a more accurate term. After all, he had been born in Russia, and he had earned much of his income, off and on, because of his knowledge of the language and the country. He had traveled widely in Russia and Europe as a correspondent for such American newspapers as the *New York Herald* and the *New York Times*. He had interviewed Leo Tolstoy at the great man's famous homestead, Yasnaya Polyana, and for six months, in the course of an assignment for the *Herald*, he had lived in a freight car in Siberia with Gen-

eral Graves' expeditionary force. He had been refused admittance to Russia by the Tsarist Government before World War I, and by the Soviet Government after it. He had translated many plays and stories by Russian authors, and written many articles about Russian affairs.

Whether because of these far-ranging activities, or perhaps because he and his hobby were finally listed in countless "Who's Who's," my father soon found himself the bewildered magnet for a growing collection of Russian friends. They swarmed to him like moths to an electric light bulb. No matter where we moved, they found him out. They would head for our house the moment they landed in New York. Frequently he would learn of their imminent arrival during their restless days on Ellis Island, and this was particularly expensive because he was constantly having to put up bonds, write letters of recommendation or introduction, and travel to Washington to make personal appeals for special cases. The thick, hearty, Russian voices were always on the telephone, and my entire Russian vocabulary today consists of the four words that mean, "Mr. Bernstein is not at home."

There were writers with inside stories on the Russo-Japanese War, the execution

For some time prior to his entrance into the Army in 1943, DAVID BERNSTEIN was consultant to the President of the Philippines. During his service in the Pacific he was editor of *Fighting Facts*, the weekly magazine of the Central Pacific Base Command. He is now working on a book about the Philippines, entitled *Pacific Experiment*. From 1936 to 1940, he served as head of the national promotion department of the American Jewish Committee. He was born in Hollis, L. I., in 1915, and educated in New York, Massachusetts, Albania, France and Switzerland. The father in his piece is easily identifiable as Herman Bernstein, who founded the Yiddish daily, the *Day*, in 1913, served as its editor until 1916 and edited the *American Hebrew* from 1916 to 1919. His extensive writings included *The History of a Lie*, published in 1921, in which he exposed the *Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*. From 1930 to 1933 he was United States Minister to Albania.

of the Tsar's family, and the condition of the Jews in Poland. There were singers who once had been the toast of Moscow and Odessa, painters who had starved in garrets from Minsk to Pinsk. And there were many bluff, hearty men who came for a glass of tea, bringing their suitcases along.

How my father really felt about all these people I could never quite figure out. Occasionally he would go to great lengths to avoid them and the responsibilities they blithely thrust upon him. Most of the time, he was genuinely hospitable. They would come in, their voices warm and husky in their throats, their heads brimming with ambitious plans, their hearts burning with tales of injustice, and he would bring them into the parlor. We had French doors between the parlor and the dining-room in our apartment in New York, and these he would close carefully. The rest of us would sit in the dining-room, while through the doors would seep a steady flow of muffled Russian. In these sessions, my father seemed to do little of the talking.

ON SPECIAL occasions, the Russians became, for a time, part of our family group. But sooner or later money problems would come up, and then my mother would become angry. She liked the writers and actors and singers, and loved to advise with them on their family problems. But she felt that they were too eager to dip into the family treasury. After years of experience, she developed a sixth warning sense that told her when a Russian was about to ask for a loan. At the precise psychological moment, she would engage in pointed conversations with my father. Her favorite theme involved a neat comparison of the total number of people in Russia with the total number of dollars in my father's bank account, with obvious mathematical conclusions.

As for my sisters and me, the Russians were simply a natural part of a life which made our family different from any other we knew. We were rather proud of them. Often I would round up some of the other children on our block to wait outside the

house for the bearded, preoccupied, exotic individuals who would walk unerringly to our door.

One of my father's Russian friends was the nephew of Leo Tolstoy. He came to New York a few months after his uncle died, in 1910. This was before my time, but I have heard the story often. His name was Kuzminsky. He was the son of Senator Kuzminsky, who had married Tolstoy's sister, and his brother was one of the first Russian aviators. Kuzminsky had a balalaika which he played with considerable skill, while singing Russian gypsy melodies. His mission in America was to sell Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy's estate, to an American millionaire. One day he showed my father a list of millionaires whom he intended to approach. The list included John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, Jacob H. Schiff, Daniel Guggenheim and Adolph Lewisohn.

My father told him to forget about Schiff, Guggenheim and Lewisohn, because as Jews they would be forbidden by the Tsarist Government to buy land in the province of Tula, which was outside the Pale of Jewish Settlement. As for the others, my father did not believe they would be interested, either. But Kuzminsky was not discouraged, and wrote to all the millionaires, telling them that they could immortalize themselves by buying his famous uncle's estate.

Schwab, Rockefeller and Morgan were not interested. Kuzminsky became gloomy. But one day he came rushing to our house in a delirium of excitement to tell my father that Andrew Carnegie had invited him to call the following week. He asked my father to come along as an interpreter to clinch the deal.

They arrived at Carnegie's home on Fifth Avenue at nine o'clock in the evening. The millionaire was very cordial. He listened to Kuzminsky's offer of immortality, and then told my father:

"Please say to him that the honor of being immortalized through the purchase of Yasnaya Polyana does not belong to an American. That honor surely belongs to the

Russian people. I am a great admirer of Tolstoy, but I think it would be very improper for me to deprive the Russian people of a national shrine."

At first Kuzminsky was shocked into silence by this answer. Then he explained that Yasnaya Polyana would probably continue to be a Russian shrine, but Mr. Carnegie would be doing a noble thing if he would buy and endow it.

"What could I do with Yasnaya Polyana?" Carnegie asked.

"Oh," said Kuzminsky, "you could establish a Tolstoy museum there, or a Tolstoy university. It would be the finest investment an American millionaire could make. It would make your name immortal!"

"A Tolstoy university?" said Mr. Carnegie. "What would happen to the students in a Tolstoy university? If they tried to follow the teachings of Tolstoy, his theory of nonresistance, his pacifism, his religious doctrines, they would be sent to Siberia. It would be a university without students. No, I don't want that on my conscience."

That was the end of Kuzminsky's efforts to sell Yasnaya Polyana. He was living at the Waldorf Astoria, and he stayed in his room, playing his balalaika plaintively. He had a song which he had composed:

*Sin ya senatora,
Brat aviatora,
Plemyanik Tolstova—
I bolshe ni slova.*

Which reads in free translation something like this:

*I'm the son of a senator,
The brother of an aviator,
The nephew of Tolstoy—
And nothing more.*

After a few days he left the hotel, giving instructions that his bill was to be sent to him in care of my father, and we never heard from him again.

WE HAD a farm in the Berkshires, and one Russian family came for a week-end and stayed for the whole summer. I do not mention their name because the head of the

family learned to play pinochle that summer, and began to cheat at it. My mother used to enjoy an occasional evening of cards and played with him "for fun." Then our visitor suggested that the game be made more interesting by the introduction of a few pennies on the table. In an entire evening, the stakes seldom amounted to more than twenty-five cents, but he strove desperately to win them. His cheating was not very clever, for he insisted on keeping score and, being a poor arithmetician, spent too much time fixing the score pad. The second time she noticed it, my mother decided to confer with my father. They wrestled with their consciences and concluded it would be easier all around if she simply let him win.

About a week later, a cousin of ours, a very blunt fellow, came up to spend a few days with us. After twenty minutes of playing, he noticed the fumbling at the score pad. For an hour he kept quiet, while his round face grew steadily redder. At last, he shouted, "You're a funny duck, my friend!" and snatched the score pad away. The Russian left the house, irreparably wounded, and refused to play pinochle for five days.

The next summer we entertained the Golinkins. Mr. Golinkin looked like a tall Stalin, with a heavy face and a thick mustache. He was a silent, unhappy man who dreamed of establishing an opera company in Palestine. His wife was a coloratura soprano with a voice that could travel across the Housatonic Valley and echo back from Mount Everett, a total distance of eight miles. She sang and spoke only in Russian, never bothering to learn a word of English. She was short and plump, and even in the country smeared her face several times a day with layers of cream, powder, rouge and mascara. My friends from the village would bicycle surreptitiously past our home in hopes of seeing her. She awakened in us the ideas we discussed behind the barn about burlesque shows in New York and high life in Paris. She was, of course, a thoroughly moral woman.

My father had been obliged to put up a large bond to admit them into the United States, and he was continually trying to prevent their becoming public charges. Like most of his Russians they were penniless and, like many, they did not intend to stay permanently in this country. They were interested only in raising money for the opera venture in Palestine. To keep them from starvation, my father proposed that Mrs. Golinkin give my sister Dorothy singing lessons.

Dorothy has a sweet minor voice, hardly of operatic quality or volume. But Mrs. Golinkin threw herself into the assignment, convinced that she could transform Dorothy into a concert artiste. Playing a loud piano accompaniment and pointing to the various parts of the body from which Dorothy's sounds should come, she coached my sister rigorously. From time to time, she would grunt disapprovingly and stop playing. This was a warning that she intended to demonstrate in more than mere sign language. Opening her mouth and hunching up her tongue, she would run through the scale, winding up with a piercing high note that would bring me in from the meadow.

Often I would stand in the doorway behind Mrs. Golinkin, point my thumbs at my ears and waggle my hands at Dorothy. This would irritate my sister, who was self-conscious about the lessons anyway. Her voice would go completely flat, and Mrs. Golinkin would then run through the scale for her, shrieking her high notes. One day Mrs. Golinkin turned around abruptly and caught me. She leaped from her stool and went to the kitchen to talk with my mother. In a soprano barrage of Russian, she told her story. My mother said, "Mrs. Golinkin is very insulted. She says you are ridiculing her art. She was a very great diva in Russia, and now that she is penniless you are wagging your hands at her. She says she and her husband will go to New York right away."

The Golinkins did not carry out the threat. Next day, Mrs. Golinkin came down on time for Dorothy's singing lesson, and I

could hear her running through the scales all the way to the brook across the meadows. Some months later, they left the country and may very well, for all I know, have established an opera company in Tel Aviv.

IN 1930 President Hoover appointed my father United States Minister to Albania. In Tirana we were sure that none of my father's Russians would find us. We were, of course, quite wrong. From Belgrade came a Russian journalist who had been a member of Kerensky's cabinet before the Bolsheviks took over. From Paris came Russian actors to explore the possibilities of the Albanian stage. But the Russian visitor who gave us the most trouble was different from all the others. He was no artist, but a business man who had gone to the United States some years earlier. He was not poor at all—on the contrary, he had made a fortune in business, and was now on a *de luxe* world tour. Finally, he could speak a kind of English. He had visited Palestine, and then Egypt, where he had taken many reels of moozies depicting the pyramids, the spinces, and the mumsies. From Alexandria he had flown to Rome, and from Rome to Tirana.

The trouble he gave us was with our maid, Thea. She was a buxom, outgiving Austrian girl in her forties, and, looking back, I think she may have been somewhat anti-Semitic. At any rate, it was Thea's job to keep the upper floors clean, make the beds, change the linens, and carry out all the other heavy duties of an upstairs maid.

On the last day of the Russian's visit, while we were at tea, Thea came flouncing downstairs and stood in the doorway, beckoning vigorously to my mother.

"Madam," she said in a hoarse whisper, "I must tell you this. That man who is staying with you—"

"You mean our guest?" asked my mother.

"Ja, that man. I do not like to tell you this. But he offered me money."

"Well," said my mother, rather pleased, "this is his last day here. He is leaving this evening. He was merely trying to tip you."

"Nein, nein, that is not what I mean. He offered me money for other services." Her expression was fraught with wordless significance.

My mother was thoroughly shocked. She immediately called my father out of the living room and told him what Thea had said. When they returned to the living room, where our Russian guest was devouring a fifth slice of cinnamon toast and a third cup of tea, they refused to engage in any further conversation with him.

"I think it is time to take you to Durazzo," my father said.

The Russian protested that it was only an hour by car to Durazzo and the ship was not scheduled to leave there for an-

other five hours. But my father was hard as adamant. "It is time for you to go," he said sternly. Within fifteen minutes we had him in the car. My father and I went along to make sure that he did not attempt to cause any further trouble.

Some weeks later, Thea—for whose virtue we had so abruptly canceled a friendship— informed us that she was giving us notice. She denied that she had taken another job, explaining that she was opening a new business of her own. Within a day after she left us, we heard that Thea had established the cleanest bordello in Tirana. Over its doorway, neatly printed, was the legend:

"Thea Schmidt, Proprietor. Formerly with the United States Legation."

CEDARS OF LEBANON

JEWISH LAW AND THE BEAUTIFUL

ANONYMOUS

THE essay below was contributed to *Gabe* (Gift), a book of essays, poems and translations gathered together from different hands and presented to Rabbi Nehemiah Anton Nobel (1871-1922) of Frankfort-am-Main on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday in 1921. Among those represented in the book were Franz Rosenzweig, Eduard Strauss, Siegfried Kracauer, Rudolf Hallo, Ernst Simon, Martin Buber, Leo Lowenthal, and (posthumously) Hermann Cohen.

"Jewish Law and the Beautiful" (originally entitled "*Lebendiges Gesetz und Schönheit der jüdischen Welt*") was the sole anonymous contribution, and it appeared in the section of the book dedicated to Nobel as "leader." Nobel himself was one of the greatest preachers in modern Judaism, a man steeped in both Jewish and Western culture yet a practicing Orthodox Jew. Obviously, the anonymous contribution was written by a secularized or "assimilated" Jew who, like so many others of those who made the "Jewish Renaissance" in Germany, had come under the influence of Nobel's personal as well as intellectual example.

More confession than a piece of objective prose, the essay's ambiguous, oblique, paradoxical surface, the apparently contradictory nature of some of its statements, and the elliptical leaps it makes from one point to the next express some of the still unresolved conflicts in the writer's mind between his new Judaism and his old life. He has come to Judaism bringing with him a sensibility and habits of mind developed by a life outside it. He has not come to any rationalized, modernized Judaism rendered acceptable to enlightened and emancipated tastes by 19th-century reform; he has come to Orthodox Judaism, which insists on the Torah and its strict demands. How can he reconcile these with the secular, aesthetic values he still cherishes in spite of his conversion?

The writer realizes that his acceptance of Orthodox Judaism cannot be justified rationally and that no common language is possible

between his religion and the rest of his life. Yet at the same time his reason and his sensibility, like Kierkegaard's in a similar situation, keep urging their claims. But how can reason agree with an act of faith compelled by such an irrational force as the blunt inner fact that "Jewish law is my law" though neither Jewish life nor the Jewish world is "my" way of life or "my" world?

The writer contents himself with a statement of the paradox in which he finds himself and does not attempt to resolve it, but moves on abruptly to show why, in any event, he prefers the beauty of the Jewish life as circumscribed by Law to the freer beauty of art. If it comes, and it perhaps will come, to the necessity of an uncompromising choice, he will choose the Law as against art—and he will even be able to defend his choice on the grounds of reason. Some of the ambiguity of this essay arises, one might infer, from the fact that it constitutes, possibly, the beginning of a farewell to non-Jewish life, but the writer is not yet ready to admit that farewell to himself. And Orthodox Jew or not, he remains a modern man.

We believe this essay of sharp relevance to the Jewish religious plight in our age. Unlike traditional Christianity, traditional or Orthodox Judaism demands a more or less complete change in their way of life on the part of those who come to it. The essay below reflects vividly the difficulties such a change involves.

The problem seems, in our opinion, to have been scanted in recent discussion as to the possibility of Jewish religious revival in America. The fact is that industrialism has created a completely secularized world that gives no room to the satisfaction of the demands of a religious way of life on a daily basis. Orthodox Judaism happens to be the only faith in the West that still posits such a way of life. How can its adherents comply without retiring into a ghetto? The essay below vividly reflects this dilemma in all its concrete meaning.—Ed.

I HARDLY think that anything I say here cannot be read in many books—has not already been said time and again. Were it solely a question of *what* I say, I might well forego writing these words down. If I write them down, it is only because they are new to *me*, and because they are *mine*.

I was taught that the Jewish religion is a uniquely rational form of worship, containing neither miracles nor dogma. A Jew need not believe anything that is not known and understandable. This notion I lost early. That which happened on Sinai cannot be replaced by mere knowledge and understanding.

I was also taught that paganism, Judaism, and Christianity are three quite different worlds, and that the things and people that make up these worlds are different. But I was at home in all of them, and found myself now in this one and now in that. Even today I am unable to decide in which of these worlds I myself belong.

If, nevertheless, I considered myself a Jew it is not because I found the Jewish religion more rational, or because I counted myself as belonging to a particular species of human being. Both explanations I found wanting.

On the other hand, I became more and more aware that Jewish law is my law. Only there did I find truth that is *my* truth—in this statement which any Jew could have spoken thousands of years ago and which the passage of time has changed in no way and which I can utter together with those Jews who most stubbornly adhere to ancient tradition.

Not that I found a world in which Jewish answers seemed to me to be the best answers. I saw Jewish Law as without any relation to the living world, foreign to it and shut up within itself. But I saw that Judaism had meaning for me only in this inward sense, and not as any *Weltanschauung* or way of life.

This world of Law seemed quite inaccessible to me, until I found—that I was in its very midst without knowing it. For when I came to know what laws were binding upon me, I saw that they were Jewish laws.

Not that law is something I derive from myself or am myself capable of; it is not

my own nature or being. It is that which I ought to do, and since I ought to do it, it is that which I want to do. My law is that which communicates between my nature and my God, the only law possible between the two and belonging to both.

That there is such law has always been recognized by the emotions, however beyond or contrary to outward fact it may seem. . . .

TAKE, for example, the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them."

It has often been said that this Commandment is responsible for the lack of plastic art among the Israelites. As the question was gone into further, it was stated that the type of aesthetic activity demanded by the plastic arts was not in harmony with the Jewish character.

This, however, is not how I found the situation. The business about the inherent estrangement from the plastic arts does not ring quite true. It is possible that the gift for the plastic is more lacking among Jews than among other communities of people. But still the point does not seem to me proven; there is a great deal on the other side of the question. Certainly, during the last century, as many Jews lived in the world of art as in those of other mediums. It was precisely in the world of art—at least for those circles closest to me here in Germany—that Jews were on the best terms with their environment. With the same feelings as those in the world around them, they saw, and still see, in the imitation of the human form a possibility of recognizing and serving the spirit of the Creator in joy and love.

As always, science has meaning only for the few, since it so seldom addresses itself directly to the divine in man. But to many people the arts mean the same thing as religion to others. Both can flow together into one, but they can also separate; and often only one of them retains any meaning. Let us think here of all the great art, adding to it as much science as seems relevant. Both conjoined with the laws of morality, constitute a spiritual realm in which Jews and

other people too may find a common home.

I do not know whether so far I have been speaking only for myself, or for other Jews also, or for non-Jews of the same cultural milieu as well. I have simply noticed that at this point a Jewish law becomes binding upon my own self—and the same seems to be the case with many other people.

TODAY there is to be found an emotional perception in art that leads away from the representation of living things. This process has been on its way to realization for centuries. For a long time now artists have not made madonnas that could be prayed to and were at the same time works of art. The genre picture is dead and the art of portraiture is dying. Where the representation of the human being still retains some artistic qualities, it shows him in his weakness, his hopelessness, his repentance, his humility. Landscape painting, although younger and stronger, is beginning to weaken too. The artistic power of our time lies in the shaping of that which is without living form—in the ornamental, decorative. Besides, it is plain to see how art more and more avoids actual living forms even when it portrays living things. In painting, particularly, an intense and violent struggle to express the human soul can be observed, and shapes and colors are being put together in a way never seen in nature.

But contemporary art becomes less strenuous, more meaningful, more natural, and is more in accord with the feelings of many people when, instead of imitating life, it gives beautiful form to the daily things of life. And the architecture created by our artists fits itself to life still more harmoniously. However, poetry and, above all, music are of all the arts those which have most intensely affected the last century.

Nevertheless the urge still remains to represent the likeness of the Eternal in living form. There is nothing more godlike than the face and figure of a person who pleases us. To portray this, to capture its moment of supreme perfection, to enhance perfection itself through imaginative fantasy, to represent the very soul in all its beauty—this, today as always, arouses the passion of the artistic man more powerfully than anything else. And in the last analysis all art that

renounces the direct imitation of the human form still aims at that form. For it is the ultimate peak of beauty. All art can be referred back to this one point. What holds true for the imitation of living beings holds true to a lesser degree for all art—for the whole realm of beauty in which we, Jews and non-Jews alike, speak a common tongue.

CAUGHT within the spell of anthropomorphic art, enchanted by the image of man, we may, as artists or devotees of art, be swept beyond ourselves. To live in the sunlight of an eternal smile, an eternal sun! But at some point the real sun goes down, our real youth is extinguished, and that which we thought we grasped disappears from our hands. Everything becomes cold and gloomy. Our gods have abandoned us. The heavens were never so closed as at that moment when they yawned so emptily above.

This fact can be traced through the whole world of art, through the whole world of beauty. It confronts us again and again. Color and contour may blend harmoniously within a room. We step to the window. Our glance falls on the rear wall of a house. We see gray walls, windows hung with dirty rags; we peer into ugly kitchens, into the ugly rooms of real life. The rhythmic beauty of our own room fades. Music, the best music, sounds in the concert hall. A door opens and by chance an ugly, unkind word comes in from outside. It overwhelms the music.

Yet we still continue to seek the world of beauty, the nobler, loftier world. But we seek a world in which no likeness of the Eternal may fade away in the chill darkness of mutability—no glance out of the window, no word from outside destroy our beauty.

We seek our own law and find that it is given to us. We shall make no image and no likeness of the Eternal by imitating living things—and right next to this we are told how to act in kitchen and cellar, how the table is to be laid, are told of the cleanliness and propriety of dress, of sickness and ugliness, of distress, poverty, sorrow, of the origin and the decay of creatures, of the simple things necessary to each day—and also how to foster and protect our frailest emo-

tions, emotions that go far beyond sympathy with obvious suffering. There has never been any doubt that these laws are to be followed far beyond their literal wording; that is, that they are to be interpreted. And in the world of interpreted Law, a glance out of the window falls on nothing that destroys beauty and no deadly word comes in through the door.

The beauty of the Jewish world does not rest on facades and splendid rooms of state, and certainly not on decoration—cleanliness and propriety are of themselves the decoration of this world. No image of the Eternal fades away, because no likeness of him is made through imitation of a living thing. Such is the Law of Israel.

Should therefore no image of a creature be seen in a Jewish home? I do not know whether any such interpretation ever existed outside the regulations for synagogue and cemetery. I could sympathize with such an

interpretation, and such houses could belong to a world more beautiful than that of art. Moreover, many an artist of our time would, in fact, share the feelings of just such Orthodox Jews.

The most beautiful of all Jewish cemeteries are those in which the old customs are most faithfully preserved.

Moved by a different emotion, men have built for themselves or for their beloved dead magnificent tombs intended to make known to the remotest future the grandeur of him who was once alive. But this was never more than an impotent rearing up against destruction and mortality. The monuments proclaim what they were not designed to proclaim.

The stone above a Jewish grave is sunk in the earth and overgrown by grass when that age is past to which the person belonged. For only for that time was he surrounded by living love.

THE STUDY OF MAN

POLLS ON ANTI-SEMITISM

How Much Do They Tell Us?

SAMUEL H. FLOWERMAN and MARIE JAHODA

OF ALL the tools utilized by the social sciences, public opinion polls have made the greatest impact on the American mind. Their amazing accuracy in the forecasting of election results, and their proved value to business and advertising in gauging consumer tastes and wants, suggested their use as an instrument for the study of prejudice, with special reference to anti-Semitism.

Scientific polling is based on the simple

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principle that generalizations, within insignificant margins of error, can be made about a total population from information obtained about a representative sample of that population.

But there are two "ifs." The most obvious is that the sample must be a true cross-section, a "random" sample. That there are no easy short-cuts in the painstaking procedure of drawing such a sample was decisively demonstrated by the debacle of the *Literary Digest* straw-poll in the 1936 election; the telephone subscribers who constituted the sample were too upper-bracket an income group to be representative of the American voting public.

To safeguard reliability, nation-wide polls in the United States now stratify their samples so that they are characteristic of the total population with respect to such factors as geographical and rural-urban distribution, color and economic status. Age and sex are often taken into account, but other variables such as religious affiliation, nationality origin, amount of education and occupation are usually automatically taken care of—it is hoped—by the process of random selection in obtaining interviews. The polling process itself consists usually in the asking of questions in personal, door-to-door interviews by trained interviewers. And, using these techniques upon samples of no more than 3,500 to 5,000 interviews, the outcome of the last three presidential elections has been predicted by major polling organizations within a 3 per cent margin of error.

Results of the Polls

WE MAY assume that the major polling groups have, for all practical purposes, solved the problem of getting representative samples. Before going on to the second "if," which is by no means as simple as the first, let us sum up what polls that have been taken to date

claim to have found out about anti-Semitism.

Altogether, about twenty to thirty nationwide polls, conducted by such agencies as Elmo Roper's *Fortune Survey*, Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion and the University of Colorado's National Opinion Research Center, as well as private organizations who take polls to guide their own work, have used questions designed to reveal anti-Semitism.

Polls try to estimate the extent of anti-Semitism according to the proportions of respondents who make a presumed anti-Semitic response to a wide variety of questions. Some of these questions ask explicitly for agreement or disagreement with a specific statement about Jews, two perennial favorites being: *Do you think that the Jews have too much power in the United States?* and *Do you believe that in this country hostility toward the Jewish people is growing or not?* Other questions may require the respondent to name groups who in some way are a threat to the security of the country or the respondents: *In your opinion, what religious, nationality or racial groups are a threat (menace) to America?* or *Are there any groups of people you think are trying to get ahead at the expense of people like you?*

The "too much power" question has been used time and again by opinion-research organizations with some variations, "influence" being substituted for the word "power," and with the kinds of influence, whether in business, government, finance, etc., specified. Whichever way this question is phrased, it always yields a considerable proportion—usually more than 50 per cent—of "yes" answers.

The "growing hostility" question is usually answered in the affirmative by about one-third of respondents, with Jews acknowledging to a somewhat greater extent than any other religious group their awareness of this trend.

The "what group" type of question—which leaves it to the respondent to identify the threatening groups—yields yet another quantitative picture of how the American people feel toward Jews. In all published poll results, the proportion of those spontaneously naming Jews has always been less than 10 per cent. In the latest *Fortune Survey*, published February 1946, 5.1 per cent of the respondents named Jews as a "group harmful to the country unless they are curbed" (note here the addition of "unless they are curbed": it may reduce the percentage somewhat); 6.5 per cent designated Jews as people trying to "get ahead" at the expense of people "like themselves." And 8.8 per cent of the respondents spontaneously gave "Jews" in answer to one or the other or both of these questions.

Obviously, a conclusive general statement

about the extent of anti-Semitism cannot easily be derived from answers to different kinds of questions. Gordon W. Allport in *Commonweal*, October 6, 1944, arrives at the conclusion that "five to ten per cent [of the population] are violently anti-Semitic, while perhaps 45 per cent more are mildly bigoted in the same direction." Elmo Roper, in *Fortune*, ventures the opinion that "competent authorities agree that in the United States anti-Jewish feeling reached new heights as war approached. Now [February 1946], however, anti-Semitism's growth in the United States appears to have been halted."

But the following general trends show up rather consistently regardless of the type of question asked: Assuming that answers to these questions can be regarded as true indices of anti-Semitism, then anti-Semitism is strongest in the Northeast and Middle West where Jews are found in greatest concentration, and weakest in the South and West; stronger in urban populations, particularly large cities, than in rural populations; stronger in upper-income brackets than in lower-income brackets; stronger among whites than among Negroes; and stronger among men than among women. And on the same assumption, anti-Semitism rose regularly up to Pearl Harbor, when there was a sharp drop; it has recovered somewhat, but has not returned to its pre-war peak.

Experiment and Life

THIS brings us to the second "if." In any experiment, such as public opinion polls, the basic problem of prediction rests upon the extent to which performance under the testing procedure constitutes a valid estimate of performance in the real-life situation. When we use polls to predict election behavior—where we ask "Whom will you vote for?"—the experimental situation of the polling interview is very similar to the real-life situation of voting. But how closely does the attitude expressed in the experimental situation approximate the anti-Semitism of the real-life situation?

The polling interview (the experimental situation) usually takes place in a rational atmosphere, in stranger-to-stranger contact. In the real-life context, attitudes of prejudice are often manifested in an emotionally charged atmosphere, frequently in group relations where the responding individual has the opportunity to perceive the cues that mean group approval or group rejection of his behavior. In the real-life situation, anti-Semitic behavior is elicited by a constellation of stimuli rather than by a unique, isolated stimulus (the interviewer's questions). Different individuals ex-

hibit anti-Semitism under quite different sets of conditions, and not all individuals will respond to the same stimuli. One person may blame the Jew for everything that goes awry in the routine of his daily life; another will blame the Jew when aroused by a rabble-rouser. (This is the kind of behavior called "scapegoating," because the individual who blames the Jew does so out of a psychological necessity to displace the aggression that arises from his own frustrations in life.)

We are not suggesting that, in order to increase the validity of polls for studying anti-Semitism, experimental situations should be deliberately constructed so as to approximate closely the emotionally charged and frustrating life experiences that evoke anti-Semitic responses. What does seem to be called for, however, is the formulation of polling questions that approach the stimuli of real-life situations.

An example may be cited to illustrate this problem: An anti-Semitic farmer in an isolated rural farm district might be classified as non-anti-Semitic if he did not answer "Jews" in response to the question: *Are there any groups of people you think are trying to get ahead at the expense of people like you?* While he may hate Jews intensely he may not name them in answer to this question, because he may not have had to compete with Jews in his work. On the other hand, the person who agrees in the poll situation that everybody, even the Jew, ought to be treated alike, might well be the one who in an emotionally loaded real-life situation takes to violence.

It is here that the essential dilemma in using the results of polls to estimate the amount, the extent and the intensity of anti-Semitism, begins to be uncovered. Even if we formulated more valid verbal stimuli, we would still have to know—as we do not now—what anti-Semitism is. We have still to isolate and identify the major psychological factors that constitute anti-Semitism. For that, more intensive and different kinds of study are needed. We will have more to say about this later in our discussion.

Truth and Falsehood

AN ADDITIONAL possibility of serious error—also stemming from the disparity between experiment and real-life—arises when the respondent is asked to give some indication of his own probable behavior in a life situation that may never arise. (This, too, constitutes an important difference between testing prejudice and testing voting behavior.) A respondent may be asked: *Would you actively support a campaign against Jews?* or *Would you vote for*

a candidate who has an anti-Semitic program?, or *Would you be willing to deport all Jews?* These examples of anticipated action are fortunately only rarely put to the test, and the respondent is usually well aware of this; and even should such a chance occur the respondent who answered "Yes" may be the last to go into action.

This is different from the often-raised question as to the truthfulness of respondents. Conscious lying has been found to be a negligible factor in polling pre-election behavior. This is probably because it is eminently respectable to belong to one of the two major political parties and to state openly one's choice of a political candidate; these are quite acceptable forms of behavior in our culture. But in investigating prejudice one cannot discount the possibility of defensiveness, which is a "scientific" way of suggesting that respondents may lie to hide their real attitudes, especially when these attitudes run contrary to the American creed. (It is reasonable to suppose that at least some respondents are aware of the fact that anti-Semitism is supposed to be "un-American.") There is some evidence which throws light on how important this factor may be. W. Turnbull (in Cantril's *Gauging Public Opinion*) asked two equivalent samples of about 300 each whether in their opinion the Jews have "too much power and influence in this country." He used two methods: the interview, and the secret ballot. "Yes" answers were given by 56 per cent of those interviewed and by 66 per cent of those using the secret ballot.

Two further factors may militate against truthfulness. An individual may honestly believe that he is telling the truth yet be unaware of the existence and depth of a prejudice he has, since it may be like an "iceberg," with its greatest part submerged in his unconscious. This was revealed in one of the studies conducted by the Department of Scientific Research of the American Jewish Committee in cooperation with psychotherapists, where cases were encountered of "liberal" individuals who, in the psychoanalytical situation, showed symptoms of deep-seated anti-Semitic prejudice of which they had been completely unaware.

The other factor limiting accuracy of responses is the inability of some individuals to understand questions and to verbalize answers on a general, abstract level. This may partially explain why polls show greater anti-Semitism for the better-educated higher-income levels.

The Social Effects of Polling

ONE argument often raised against polls on

anti-Semitism asserts that the taking of polls on anti-Semitism helps increase it. This seems to us to be completely unwarranted. There have been altogether about twenty to thirty nation-wide polls directly or indirectly concerned with the problem of anti-Semitism. Assuming that each poll sample consisted of 5,000 respondents (some have been smaller), this would mean that at the most 100,000 to 150,000 people have been questioned, assuming also that there has been no overlapping. Thus less than one-tenth of one per cent of the population has participated in these polls. Even if the interviews were not innocuous and did create anti-Semitic feeling in a few cases where none had existed before, which we doubt, the total number of those affected must be insignificant.

A more serious charge concerns the publication of poll results, particularly in such media as *Fortune* and the daily newspapers. The readers of an exclusive publication like *Fortune*, and of a "class" newspaper like the New York *Herald Tribune*, are probably those who may be regarded as opinion-molders. Since the average man in the street does not read these publications it can have no direct effect on him. But what is the effect on the opinion-molder? If he is anti-Semitic to begin with, does reading the results of the polls, particularly when they indicate an increase in anti-Semitism, reinforce his prejudice?

This is hardly likely. Despite our inadequate knowledge of anti-Semitism, we do know that it is so irrational and deep-seated that it can scarcely be seriously affected by the reading of poll results. However, it is alleged that the anti-Semitic opinion-molder is given additional ammunition to use with Gentiles against Jews, for he can capitalize on the "band wagon" effect. Unfortunately, the confirmed anti-Semite needs no facts to feed his prejudice; if new facts are required he readily invents them. Certainly it is hard to see how keeping poll results secret—or publishing only results favorable to the Jews, if such were available—would in any real measure diminish anti-Semitism.

While harm done by publishing of poll results is, in our opinion, negligible, the publication of poll results may serve a useful purpose as a clarion call to danger, as a means of awakening the non-anti-Semitic opinion-molder to a peril to democracy.

New Roads for Research

WE HAVE hinted above at what is the major and basic difficulty in using polls to measure anti-Semitism: We do not know just what the polls measure when they attempt to find the

incidence of anti-Semitism. Polls do tell us the extent to which certain statements which we call anti-Semitic are accepted by the American public—within the limitations we have discussed above. But it is much more crucial to find out the implications of the various responses uncovered by polls. Are we dealing with a harmless parroting of American folklore or something deeply grounded in the individual's experiences and an integral part of his personality? Will acceptance of anti-Semitic statements lead one to engage in or support pogroms? Is "slight" anti-Semitism a fore-runner of "acute" anti-Semitism? Is there a "social" and a "political" anti-Semitism?

If we knew what anti-Semitism or anti-Semitisms—there may be more than one kind—meant, we could construct better polling questions and we could better interpret the answers to these questions. The question arises whether the conventional polls can be improved, to give us this insight into the nature of anti-Semitism or whether completely new techniques must be devised.

Certainly, it is possible to learn more by improving poll techniques proper. Most well-known polling organizations constantly engage in experimental studies to improve their techniques and methodology, and though these studies are not explicitly concerned with anti-Semitism, their findings do and will in the future benefit polls on anti-Semitism. To indicate briefly lines along which exploration is possible: The stimuli difference between questions containing the word "Jew" and questions in answer to which the word "Jew" may be spontaneously offered, should be determined more, accurately. As we have said above, not more than 10 per cent of respondents are "spontaneously" anti-Semitic—that is, give anti-Semitic responses to questions which do not refer to Jews—while many more respondents, from 30 to 60 per cent, are "non-spontaneously" anti-Semitic—will give anti-Semitic responses to questions referring specifically to Jews. Are these differences due to such factors as suggestibility, respectability, articulateness, and does the discrepancy have some meaning in terms of a typology or basic pattern of anti-Semitism?

Another important investigation within the realm of poll techniques would be the study of individuals regarded as anti-Semitic because of their responses to one question, and non-anti-Semitic because of their responses to another. For example, some individuals answer "yes" to the question about Jews being a "problem" in their community, but "no" to the question about Jews being a "menace" to the country. Perhaps this may be interpreted as indicating

a lesser intensity of anti-Semitism. Yet it is possible that a confirmed anti-Semite may be so vain that he cannot bear to admit that the objects of his scorn are sufficiently menacing as to present anything stronger than a "problem" to a "superman" like himself.

Many polls have attempted to correlate anti-Semitism with other "anti"-attitudes of a reactionary nature (anti-labor, anti-government spending, anti-Russia and Britain, and so on). Uncertainty as to what the responses to given questions mean makes it risky to draw conclusions from such correlations. Yet some of the correlations obtained by polling groups jibe with clinical investigations of the anti-Semite: he tends to hate labor, Great Britain, Russia, Negroes, foreigners and a long list of other groups and people. Qualitatively, we can accept the suggestion of the polls that the individual whose responses are deemed anti-Semitic is also anti-other groups. But quantitatively we can make no inferences about these relationships as drawn from the polls.

This leads us to consider relatively new approaches for studying anti-Semitism. For, no matter what the improvement of traditional poll techniques, it is essential that new ways be utilized so that we can know just what we are measuring and hence can develop the kind of poll questions—if any—that will give us a true "index" (measure) of the amount of anti-Semitism. These new approaches involve "depth" interviewing and various "projective" techniques.

In "depth" interviewing, we go beyond the simple "yes," "no" or "don't know" of the poll interview, and by intensive, time-consuming interviewing, try to grasp the subject as a dynamic whole, in whom anti-Semitism arises from and fulfils certain drives or needs. "Projective" techniques utilize the reactions of the individual to some "unconventional" situation (for example, what stories a set of pictures suggest to him) to get a deeper insight into his character and personality, again so that we can really discover what this "anti-Semitism" in the person is. And of course, it is essential that these techniques be used to study non-

anti-Semitic as well as anti-Semitic individuals.

It is possible to use these techniques to "test" the public opinion polls. Groups classified as anti-Semitic or non-anti-Semitic by the polls could be followed up. By studying the differences between these groups more deeply through these new techniques we may discover what the poll is measuring, and what it is possible to learn from it.

These new techniques are now being utilized in a "battery" of related studies, planned and directed by the Department of Scientific Research of the American Jewish Committee. They are designed to answer such questions as: What is the personality structure of the anti-Semite and what is the function of anti-Semitism in his emotional economy? What is the relationship between anti-Semitism and other "anti"-ideologies? How is anti-Semitism expressed in a living community? To what socio-psychological conditions in childhood has the prejudiced adult been exposed? At what age does prejudice develop in the child, what role does it play, and in what social and psychological context does it appear? Under what circumstances will latent anti-Semitism break out into the open? What educational means can be used to transform attitudes of prejudice into socially desirable and personally useful attitudes?

If one could evolve an inventory of anti-Semitic manifestations, a hierarchy of their intensity, an insight into their causes and links with other "anti"-attitudes, then polling organizations could establish a rationale for their questions on anti-Semitism and the social scientist could accept the findings of such polling studies with a greater degree of confidence.

Until more is known about the phenomenon of anti-Semitism and the indicators which reveal its presence, results based upon present polling techniques should be used with caution—for scientific reasons, however, rather than for their allegedly dangerous impact on intergroup relations in the United States. In the meantime, the polls give us some clues and hunches in an area about which there has been infinitely more speculation than facts.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Needed: An Architectural Agency

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There seems to be much interest at present in the design of synagogues, and our office, like others in New York, has had numerous requests for advice from different sections of the country. There is, as could have been anticipated, a great wave of synagogue building in this postwar period. This is no academic problem, but one of deep concern to many building committees and architects. The letters of inquiry that come to us indicate earnest desires to build structures that serve their purpose, have the proper character, and approximate permissible budgets.

We have, it is to be hoped, graduated from the tradition of pseudo-Gothic, fake Moorish, or the aping of any other historic styles that have no justification in the consideration of Jewish buildings. If we have a firm conception of our ideals, we should in reasonable maturity be able to design structures that are practical, economical and beautiful in the light of our spiritual standards.

The problem arises as to where to find individuals who combine all of the virtues that are necessary to produce the perfect building. There is controversy as to how to cover the assemblage of relatively few people during the weekly services and the larger numbers on the High Holidays. Is there an answer? How should a building committee function, how should it pick an architect, what are the elements that are vital, what about costs, fees, setting, furnishings, lighting, ventilation, etc., etc.?

Would it not be possible for COMMENTARY to sponsor a bureau of design, similar to that which various Church groups—the Y.M.C.A., etc., have run for years and thus help to clarify many details at the very beginning? Such a bureau would know what talent is available in different areas, basic facts as to arrangements in plan, methods of approach in building, fees—and in general act as advisers. This bureau could discover what is already being done by existing bureaus and eventually act as a kind of clearing house.

The objective is a finer, more spiritual type of building, free from extraneous influences

and one that should reflect contemporary life. If there is some other way of accomplishing this purpose, the bureau may not be necessary but actual experience seems to indicate that there will be more fumbling and more construction of buildings that lend no dignity or glory to the ideals that we claim to cherish.

Basically, there is a problem to solve and the earnest groups in so many communities want to know what to do, how much money they need, and what they may expect as a result. I suspect that my suggestion will bring storms about my head, but sooner or later, some one will start some serious thinking.

ELY JACQUES KAHN

New York City

[Our demurrer to Mr. Kahn that COMMENTARY had hardly envisaged the setting-up of an architectural consulting agency for synagogue building as quite coming within its province, brought the rejoinder, "And why not? Who else is in a better position to make the problem known, and to initiate thought and practical action in this important field of Jewish religion and culture?" In any case, we are addressing a letter to the leading religious bodies concerned, and forwarding Mr. Kahn's suggestion; and we also ask interested parties to write us. We will report developments, if and when.—Ed.]

The Dangers of Mass Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I've read Leo Lowenthal's article, "Terror's Atomization of Man," in the January issue of COMMENTARY, and it interested me very much. . . . The need for cultural leveling in our society is bound up with a consequence of economic leveling, and of profit needs, etc., in the time of monopoly capitalism. And Hitler's program is the extreme expression of this need. When he attacked intellectuals, for instance, he did it not on the basis of their weakness, but because of the good qualities they represented—the carriers of disinterested discrimination, curiosity, variety. One of the important aspects of the problem concerns the spiritual, the cultural

preparation for this—the preparation which leads men to surrender in advance in their spirits. This is important to deal with now, and in doing it, one thing that must be watched, analyzed, pitilessly criticized is modern culture, modern mass culture of movies, radio, etc. This is one of the aspects of the problem which—at the present time—interests me.

But more important. I don't want merely to be a critic who always objects. However, I don't like the weakness of the ending of the article. I would say—it would be better merely to leave the article stand as an analysis of the problem from the standpoint it takes, and to draw direct conclusions which flow out of it, or else, to have an ending which is more comprehensible to the reader. The Lowenthal ending is neither. It is generalized, and it will not give a reader any perspective as to what he can do, even about protecting himself in advance from this atomization. And with this, the way it refers to the dreams of freedom and the role of reason permits everyone who wants to, to think he agrees with Mr. Lowenthal and Mr. Lowenthal with him. We must not say Western civilization. We must say capitalist society. And to apply the effort of reason, its theory and practice . . . this can be achieved only "if mankind can free itself from using human beings as commodities." . . . Why could it not be said—only if mankind struggles and drives on to find the road to socialism? To say mankind uses human beings as commodities is to over-generalize. . . .

The author takes a very general position at the conclusion which offers hope on easy terms. This is dangerous in America where the ideals of democracy are so often put to such fraudulent use, and where people are given a cultural ticket—to use his phrase—that tells them they are free. So again—I think that the ending should have been either directly germane to the article, should have been more explicit so that a real connection could exist between it and the material of the article, or else, a frightening question should have been left. "Do you want this? Do you want to let this happen to you?"

I think that this article and Mr. Lowenthal's investigation of anti-Semitism stress the need for clearly defining the political and economic use now being made of modern culture. But culture can help to make people consciously ripe for growth, for change. The effect achieved now is the opposite. Because of this, attention must be paid to it, and pitiless analysis and criticism must be made. This isn't the direct problem but it is related to it.

New York City

JAMES T. FARRELL

Made in the U. S. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

This report from Cuba on the crumbling of another Eden is not prompted by any desire to sound the alarm—*cui bono?* Consider it rather a scientific footnote on the process of cultural diffusion—or a historical footnote on a neglected phase of the civilizing march of North American democracy in the backward lands of our Latin-American neighbors.

For some years past, Cuba has been a friendly first port of call for American Jews who hunkered for a few weeks of sun and palm trees, free from "selected clientele" distinctions that somehow don't exist outside of the United States. In England, on the Continent, you could eat and sleep where you pleased, provided you had the money to pay for it. And, of course, the same has been true of Cuba where the natives have been—as in all Latin-American countries—too unconscious of race and too busy welcoming the tourist trade and their Yankee dollars to distinguish Gentile sheep from Jewish goats.

In all of Cuba there is no place more friendly than Varadero, a lovely seashore village a hundred miles from Havana. When friends of mine—their name is Goldman—first went there ten years ago, they found a tiny settlement nestled cozily along the whitest sand and bluest water in the world. They spent a delightful month going to sea with the fisherman, swimming and drinking rum with the local idlers.

This winter I had a rather serious bout with pneumonia, complicated by newspaperman's fatigue, and my doctor prescribed sunshine. I went to Varadero—and arrived here just in time to see a gracious, sunny town succumb to the higher civilization.

Two Americans, one from New York, one from the South, were the culture carriers. One was a fortyish blonde who had married a Cuban millionaire in his seventies. The other was a bull-necked small businessman from Georgia who liked to tell jokes about Jews. Their success was exasperatingly easy.

The lady's new husband was Colonel de Silva, owner of Varadero's most elegant inn, the Kawama Beach Club. When she first looked over her new holdings, which stretch along the choicest section of beach, she decided that Kawama could become a world-famous resort. To this, according to her lights, there was but one obstacle. Jews.

Came the winter season, and Kawama announced that it catered only to a "restricted clientele." This was a bold move on the Colonel's part: The Cuban constitution makes it illegal to refuse bed and board to a person

because of his religion. But the Colonel had seen the light.

However, Senora de Silva's work had only begun. As mistress of Kawama she enjoyed in Varadero the social power of the lady of the manor house in a small English village. It was not hard for her to find ready audiences when she strolled through the little cluster of houses and stores known as "town."

Soon the Cubans learned some fascinating facts about Jews. In America, Jews were never allowed into the better hotels or restaurants; they went to separate schools, were excluded from all social activities, and, of course, lived in ghettos. These simple people were so naive that one of them repeated these catechistic untruths to my wife and me while buying us a drink. We quickly bought him two drinks, and said it wasn't so.

Unhappily, American travel agencies hadn't been tipped off in time about the change at Kawama's. Almost nightly, the plane from Miami brought Jewish couples, who were politely but firmly turned away. Occasionally these rebuffs had a strain of bitter humor. Once Kawama's manager, who has further ambitions in the hotel business, went apoplectic when he learned he had refused a room to one of the most important hotel-owners in America. Another time, he was ingloriously routed from the village's one night club by four irate Jewish schoolteachers whom he had that day turned down.

In most cases, however, Kawama smoothly steered Jewish tourists to Casa La Rosa, Varadero's second nicest inn. It was about then that the gentleman from the South put up at La Rosa. I happened to be visiting there the night he came. In one corner of the main room one Jewish group was discussing books. In another corner, a Jewish doctor was spinning yarns about his Navy experiences. Elsewhere, a mixed group played bridge. The newcomer made a little conversation which didn't particularly interest any of us.

An hour later, after drinking a few bourbons alone, he stalked one of the Gentile guests out to the porch. Through the open doors several of us heard a barbed smoking-car joke about Jews. Our individual sighs made a collective, traditional harmony.

The next night I heard our Southern friend developing for several Cubans Varadero's exciting commercial possibilities. He painted an expansive picture of skyscraper hotels, dance halls and gay restaurants. Of course, he added, no "real Americans" would come and make all this glory possible, if the Cubans didn't get smart about the Jews.

He just happened to like Casa La Rosa, he

said, and for the rest of his vacation he dedicated himself to its salvation. Senora La Rosa heard many sage admonitions about "sheer commercial suicide," about cutting herself off from Varadero's golden future. Finally, our friend went home. But from then on, according to the brooding Jewish grapevine which handles such matters, Casa La Rosa has been restricted.

There are a half-dozen inns in Varadero, and several of them will go after the Jewish business now doubly scorned. The others probably will fall in stride with Kawama and Casa La Rosa. So it is possible that Varadero soon will have a ghetto to compare with those which Senora de Silva claims to recall in American cities. In time, as Cubans imitate Cubans in imitating Americans, the virus will likely travel the hundred scenic miles to Havana. The infection is there. The beach-head has been established.

This didn't have to happen there, and I wonder if it will reach an eight-year-old beach beggar named Julio, who was given his first real suit of clothes by a Mrs. Cohen of New York. I wonder what will happen to our maid, Vivi, to whom we tried to be kind and friendly, and who wept on the day we left, or our friend Sergio, who did us the honor of inviting us to his home.

I doubt if I'll find out, for the gentleman from the South and the lady from New York have fixed things so that I can't say that I am likely to visit Varadero again.

Of course, it really doesn't matter. After all, the vacation resort problem is a very minor problem indeed, distinctly not important. Every intelligent Jew knows that. These last stray vanishing paradises—in a grim, atomic world we stern Jewish souls are above troubling our minds about such trifles.

Ave, Cuba, Vale.

ADRIAN SPIES

Varadero, Cuba

Brotherhood Week

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I enjoyed Dr. Gaster's sound and penetrating review of Sholem Asch's "One Destiny," in the March issue, but I feel that his last paragraph reveals that he misses the meaning of Brotherhood Week.

Like Mother's Day, Religious Book Week, Negro History Week, etc., Brotherhood Week is an attempt to dramatize and highlight a spirit and a way of thinking and acting that should, of course, be binding throughout all the weeks of the year. Brotherhood Week

celebrations are valuable in that they stimulate, educate, and encourage us to democratic human relations; to extend to other people the rights and dignities we want for ourselves.

I also wish to take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. In my opinion, it goes a long way towards deepening the appreciation of Jewish culture among non-Jews, as well as Jews.

JOSEPH CALDERON, Director
Bronx Round Table
National Conference
of Christians and Jews

New York City

Word of Praise

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have read the copy of COMMENTARY which you sent me. The magazine strikes me as being of very high calibre. If you are able to maintain the level which you have achieved so immediately, I feel it will make a distinct contribution.

The Governor's Committee for Racial and Religious Understanding is entering a subscription so that I will see COMMENTARY from now on and will be able to loan the office copy to other members of the committee.

JULIUS E. WARREN, Chairman
Governor's Committee for Racial
and Religious Understanding

Boston, Massachusetts

Schechter and "Catholic Israel"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In the February issue of your always interesting publication, I came across the error (p. 73)—repeated, singularly enough, in one of the "Letters from Readers" (Rabbi Bial, p. 88)—that attributes to Solomon Schechter the concept of "Catholic Israel."

Schechter was so far from being the originator of the idea that he was in fact one of its active opponents. In his "Introduction" to *Studies in Judaism First Series* (Jewish Pub-

lication Society, p. xxii cf. pp. xviff) Schechter, after describing the concept of Catholic Israel as belonging to the "historical school," wrote:

"I may . . . confess that the sixth essay in this volume (*The Dogmas of Judaism*) was written in a spirit of rebellion against this all-absorbing Catholic Israel, with its decently veiled scepticism on the one hand and its unfortunate tendency with many people to degenerate into a soulless conformity on the other hand."

Curiously, Joseph Jacobs had made the same error as your commentator and was taken to task for it by Israel Zangwill, who pointed out that "it was exactly this conception which Schechter had repudiated" (*The Voice of Jerusalem*, New York, Macmillan, 1921, pp. 350-1).

Undoubtedly, like Jacobs, your commentator was inspired by a dual admiration for the thinker and for the idea; but Truth is a stern goddess, and the perpetuation of the careless error which unites the two must be prevented. . . .

In conclusion, I should like to commend Mr. Gaster upon his excellent critique of the Kaplan prayer book. All other reviewers have engaged in polemics upon the subject, forgetting that a prayer book must also conform to an aesthetic standard. The first essential of poetry is that it be poetic!

ROSE ROSENTOHN JACOBS
East Orange, N. J.

[In view of Mrs. Jacobs' telling citation from Schechter's own writings, we should perhaps do well to admit error, and retire gracefully. But if we are in error, we seem to be in excellent company: among others who have linked Schechter with "Catholic Israel" are (besides Joseph Jacobs) Louis Finkelstein and Adolph S. Oso, Schechter's bibliographer, who wrote in his introduction to *Solomon Schechter, A Bibliography* (Oxford): "The Dreamer of the Ghetto was now dreaming of a 'Catholic Israel': he was to be its high priest." Perhaps the truth is that this is but another historical instance of an early opponent of a movement later making it his own.—Ed.]

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Whose Dilemma?

THE JEWISH DILEMMA. By ELMER BERGER. New York, The Devin-Adair Company, 1945. 257 pp. \$3.00

Reviewed by ISRAEL KNOX

RABBI Berger is Executive Secretary and one of the official ideological leaders of the American Council for Judaism, an active and vocal anti-Zionist group which aggressively promotes the thesis that Jews are Jews by *creed* only, and are in no sense a people. Rabbi Berger's book is a polemic against Zionist and other forms of political nationalism among Jews. He also inveighs, with equal intensity, against those who accept the reality of Jewish peoplehood, apart from state and geography, on the basis of a common historic past, a common heritage and common cultural pursuits in the present.

Rabbi Berger divests Jewishness of all its dimensions except religion, and this too he regards as summed up in Reform Judaism. He does not allow for any continuity between the "old" and the "new," and does not evince the slightest sympathy with Orthodox and Conservative Judaism. Orthodox Jewry is always referred to scornfully as "official" Jewry, and he seldom fails to insert quotation marks; he maintains that "Reform Judaism purified Judaism of its medieval, separatist characteristics." This arrogance and intolerance are not atypical, for Rabbi Berger's is truly a single-track mind, and his supreme hatred is of any kind of diversity and variety.

IN THE first part of his book he decries and denies the "myth" of a Jewish people. He points out that this is also relevant to Palestine: "for even here there is no Jewish people; there are just human beings who are Jews, voting in dozens of political parties." By the same logic, there is no American people but only Democrats and Republicans and Socialists, and what not; and surely no French people, but just human beings "voting in dozens of political parties." Despite his vehement anti-Zionism, Rabbi Berger can think only in terms of statehood and therefore writes that "no one has even successfully written a history of the Jewish people."

In his insistence on the non-existence of Jewish peoplehood, he goes so far as to cite the Sephardic Jewish community of Bordeaux which, in the middle of the eighteenth century, petitioned King Louis to expel as "foreigners" some German Jews who had come to the city. It is not the act itself that Rabbi Berger commends, but its basis—the fact that these Spanish-Portuguese Jews "had no sense of Jewish nationality."

In the book's second part he launches a direct and merciless attack upon "Zionist nationalism." The rabbi makes use of primary sources and seems to have read a good deal of Zionism's vast literature. His understanding of Hess, Pinsker, and, especially, Ahad Ha'am is superficial and at times incorrect. He treads on safer ground when he approaches Herzl and the post-Herzl period. His indictment of the monistic nationalism of Zionism would be immeasurably strengthened, however, if he counterposed to it a positive Jewish philosophy—if he rejected Zionism in behalf of the welfare of the Jewish people as a whole.

The political strategy of Zionism is traced from Herzl's fruitless traffic with the Kaiser, the Turkish Sultan and the Russian Czar's ministers, to the present Revisionist policy. But here his indictment is devoid of genuine moral quality because it is moved by no deep social sensibility, by no realization of the heroic role of the Jewish socialist and revolutionary in Czarist Russia, and by no conviction that Zionism—granted its existence—had to work from the beginning in this tradition and ally itself with the forces of international progress.

Rabbi Berger shows that Zionism has always objected to any non-Palestinian colonization—that is to say, has always been more concerned with the establishment of a state than with the alleviation of a people's plight. He reminds us that today Zionists will not dissociate the fight against the White Paper, upon which there is almost unanimity of Jewish opinion, from the fight for a Commonwealth in Palestine, upon which there is great division of opinion among Jews.

The third part, entitled "For Free Jews in a Free World," is concerned with the tale of Jewish emancipation and contains much useful and interesting information. The saints here

set up are Lessing and Mendelssohn—Lessing as spokesman for the liberal Christian conscience, advocating emancipation of the Jew, and Mendelssohn as his Jewish counterpart, counseling what Rabbi Berger calls *integration*.

Rabbi Berger stresses repeatedly that integration is not assimilation. But it is hard—indeed, impossible—to accept this assurance. In the author's own definition, integration explicitly involves relinquishing not only Jewish political nationalism but Jewish culture in all of its forms, Jewish ethnic values, and even to some extent the Prophetic heritage, since the latter is the possession of non-Jews too. What remains is something called universal Jewish religion, but there is little room here for "Orthodox" or "Conservative" religion—only for the mildest and vaguest Reform Judaism, which does not differ too much from the prevailing majority religion. Nothing else, in the way of distinctive Jewishness, is permissible. Unless the term assimilation is reserved for actual conversion, it is hard to see how Rabbi Berger's integration differs in the slightest from what we commonly call complete assimilation.

RABBI Berger undertakes to provide American Jews with a philosophy to apply "the principles of democracy to human beings who happen to be of Jewish faith." Unfortunately, he does not stop to analyze his fundamental concepts, to think out the meaning of Jewishness and of democracy. He does not see a Jewish people because he looks at it from the *outside*, because he has not tried to understand Jewish history as lived by the Jewish people, by human beings who happened to be Jews. There is no denying that Jews have always constituted a religious community, but Jewish culture and Jewish religion have not been completely identical; and Jewish culture—language, art, literature, folkways, religion—is the more inclusive category. It is not odd that Rabbi Berger should write condescendingly and even contemptuously of East European Jewry; it is precisely the cultural uniqueness and richness of East European Jewry that repel him. East European Jewry produced two generations of revolutionaries, a humanist-socialist movement and powerful labor organizations. And for this too there is no place in Rabbi Berger's "universalist" philosophy.

Rabbi Berger does not seem to realize that the unity of democracy is a unity of method and that it offers the antithesis to totalitarianism precisely because it gives full scope to difference, variety, diversity. "When we lose the right to be different," wrote Charles Evans Hughes, "we lose the right to be free." Democracy must hold out the unity of method and process, not

as antipodal to, but as consonant with plurality of interests. At a time when mankind is moving in the direction of a world-state, cultural democracy—difference, variety and diversity—must be expanded and not restricted. America—at least in principle and ideal—has encouraged this pattern. Why should Rabbi Berger be so strongly opposed to it?

Paraphrasing Dickens, one is tempted to say, that since Rabbi Berger cannot, or does not wish to, share Jewish peoplehood, he condemns it. But since he is compelled to witness it, he is frightened by it. Hence his book does pose a dilemma, but it is not "the Jewish dilemma"—it is his own.

Jewish Hercules

SONG OF THE DNEIPER. By ZALMAN SHNEOUR. Translated by JOSEPH LEFTWICH. New York, Roy Publishers, 1945. 376 pp. \$3.00.

Reviewed by NORBERT GUTERMAN

IN THE preface the author states his essential purpose: it is to tell of "the coachmen, butchers, plasterers, hewers of wood . . . the reservoir of the healthy blood and the earthly passions of the people of Israel." This necessary substratum of Jewish life has often been overlooked or ignored; even the Jews themselves have always considered themselves exclusively the people of the Book. Here, laborers are to be shown to advantage in contrast with the privileged classes, the scholars and the men of wealth. Earthiness, physical strength, animal passions, direct communion with nature, healthy eroticism are some of the attributes of this world that the author wishes to evoke.

This might suggest a return to the primitive in the manner of D. H. Lawrence or Jean Giono—something that would almost be a contradiction in terms in a Jewish context. But from the very first pages, the reader becomes pleasantly aware that such is not the case. Noah Pandre, the hero of this brilliantly told tale, for all his obtuseness and slow-wittedness, is a typical civilizing hero, a Jewish variant of Hercules, whose labors and tremendous physical strength always serve the cause of justice and the public weal. There is no gulf between his activities and those of the scholars; it is at the bidding of the Hasidic rabbi of Shklov, his native town, that he ceases to be a butcher and is launched upon his heroic career. In trying to save a cow from a burning barn, he becomes involved in an accident with the Russian chief

of police, and is sentenced to a year in prison, largely because the wealthy owner of the cow perjures himself out of cowardice. Made to suffer unjustly, Noah endures his fate with a resignation that is one of the aspects of the traditional Jewish heritage. On his way back from prison, he tames a bull, saves two book peddlers from drowning, and helps to extinguish a forest fire. Later, he disperses pogromists with a wagon shaft, takes his just revenge on the police chief, and with his wife emigrates to America.

It is true that Noah Pandre, probably more than any other hero of Yiddish fiction, has an intense instinctual life; he is even made to commit adultery with Katinka, the peasant girl whom he saved from the bull. But whether it be aggressive or erotic urges, they are always strongly sublimated; reason and traditional values always emerge victorious, and the element of resentment and cruelty characteristic of the neo-primitivist state of mind is absent. The emphasis on instinct is not connected here with the negation of a rationality that has become repressive, it is not a protest against civilization; on the contrary, it represents a protest against irrational repression, the yearning to escape from an artificially fettered existence and to attain the universality of civilization, which is conceived in idealized terms as insuring the full human flowering of instinctive urges. Likewise, the accent on nature does not here derive from a desire to "return," from a regressive urge, but from a desire to break out of the walls of the ghetto into free space. Incidentally, it is in the passages dealing with nature that Shneour's powerful narrative talent celebrates its greatest triumphs; many of them, for instance the chapter entitled "The Ballad of Two Horses," with the wintry scene of a horse's carcass being devoured by crows, would do honor to any anthology.

Judged by aesthetic standards, *Song of the Dnieper* cannot be considered a great novel—the characters are symbols or myths, they do not develop; and the plot has many conventional elements. But such standards do not really apply to a work that is intended as a folk tale. And it is a tale that reads exceptionally well, and will not bore even sophisticated readers. In objective terms, this means that the author has constantly maintained living contact with his audience, that his tale actually did perform a social function. Its action takes us back to the last decades of the nineteenth century, but its real theme is the aspiration of the East European Jews to achieve freedom as a people and as human beings.

The book was written in the early thirties—that point of history at which the East European Jews had completed a long internal evolution and formed a distinctive character. The affirmation of the value of the Jewish common people this book makes is compelled by the plight of Jewish minorities surrounded by a hostile world that denied their value and individuality. In the end it destroyed them physically.

Re-translating Koheleth

THE WISDOM OF ECCLESIASTES. By ROBERT GORDIS. New York, Behrman House, 1946. 82 pp. \$2.00.

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

DR. GORDIS, who has made himself master of most of the modern scholarship on Koheleth, has given us a new translation of this fascinating and often puzzling book, together with an introduction which puts the book in its historical context and clears up many of the popular confusions about it. The Book of Koheleth, or Ecclesiastes, has always stood out from the other books of the Bible because of the predominantly secular, even sceptical, tone of its philosophy. In spite of the obscurity of some of its better known passages, the book has appealed to generations of readers as a rich, poetic statement of a view of life which can best be described as a disillusioned Epicureanism. The somber majesty of the King James translation covers up some of the difficulties of interpretation and successfully conveys that mixture of morality and hedonism, of wisdom and sensuousness, which has long been the book's chief appeal.

Some of the magic is gone in Dr. Gordis' translation, but we cannot but be grateful for the clarity with which he discusses the origins and nature of Koheleth and relates it to the Wisdom literature of which it is the most distinguished example. Making free and effective use of the abundant scholarly material on the subject, Dr. Gordis clears up many of the confusions and apparent paradoxes of the text without straining any hypothesis or forcing any thesis. He gives us, too, a vivid picture of the environment of upper-class sophistication within which Koheleth must have lived and written, and enables us to understand the conditions which produced a book that on the one hand used conventional, religious, proverbial material and on the other brought forward arguments in the light of which that

material seemed meaningless or false. His interpretation of the thought of Koheleth as the record of a chronological development is not, perhaps, wholly convincing; some of us may have the impression that the book can hardly be construed as a spiritual autobiography; but this view is nevertheless suggestive and at many points illuminating.

In providing an English rendering which deliberately avoids the impressive poetic diction and (more important) the poetic rhythms of the King James version, Dr. Gordis is following his view that the King James translators "do not truly transmit the intimate and informal character of the original. Koheleth wrote the modern Hebrew of his day. The twentieth century reader should therefore read him in a comparable English." But the Hebrew of Koheleth is hardly "intimate and informal." There is a deliberate sententiousness in the utterance, a "gnomic" quality such as we get in all proverbial literature, which has a poetic flavor of its own. We do not say "Cast thy bread upon the waters," in ordinary speech when we mean "Send your goods overseas." The King James translators are often, in fact, more literal than Dr. Gordis, and the poetic quality of their translation derives as much from this literalness as from any deliberate attempt to be poetic. *Sh'lach lahm'kha al p'ne hamayim* means, as the King James translation renders, "Cast thy bread upon the water," not, as Dr. Gordis renders, "Send your goods overseas."

It is perfectly true that Dr. Gordis gives us what is probably the implied meaning of the original, but much of the forceful proverbial quality of the Hebrew is lost in paraphrasing it thus. Dr. Gordis tends to narrow unduly the meaning of a proverbial statement whose effectiveness lies in its deliberate elasticity of meaning. To take some other examples: Why is "but the earth is forever unchanged" (Gordis) an improvement on "but the earth abideth forever" (King James) as a translation of *v'haaretz l'olam omedet*? If Dr. Gordis wishes to eliminate the archaic quality of the "abideth" he could change it to "abides" or, literally, "stands." The paraphrase he gives us is neither as literal nor as effective as the King James rendering. Again, why is "all that happens" better than "all things that are done"? The latter is a quite literal translation of *kol asher naaseh*; it is both simple, literal and effective. And why translate *zeh ra* as "this is the root of the evil" when the Hebrew and the King James translators say simply "this is an evil"? One could multiply such examples of a deliberate de-poeticizing of the original on

the part of Dr. Gordis. In these cases the King James version is both more literal and more effective.

While I believe that Dr. Gordis has gone too far in presenting Koheleth as a piece of colloquial prose, there can be no doubt that in very many cases his rendering is accurate where the King James is not. "Chasing of wind" is clearly better and more literal as a rendering of *r'ut ruach* than "vexation of spirit." And "a bad business" is better than "a sore travail" for *inyan ra*. Sometimes by skilful paraphrase and the use of quotation marks around what are clearly citations of proverbs, Dr. Gordis brings out a meaning which King James leaves wholly obscure or sometimes deliberately alters in the interests of orthodoxy. Time and again a deft turn of phrase brings out a significance which King James misses altogether. And the emendations of the Masoretic text which Dr. Gordis accepts are few and plausible. Thus while there are some doubtful interpretations (Dr. Gordis always prefers a forthright clarity to ambiguity, even when the ambiguity is clearly intended in the original text), there can be no doubt at all that this new translation conveys more adequately the real meaning of Koheleth than the King James version does. If only Dr. Gordis had not been afraid of literal renderings of poetic or at least metaphorical Hebrew phrases, his rendering would have possessed eloquence as well as clarity.

As it is, we still have a great deal to be thankful for. Dr. Gordis has given the ordinary reader a clear picture of the historical and intellectual context which produced Koheleth and has untangled many of the difficulties and obscurities of earlier translations. Everyone who knows and loves Ecclesiastes in the King James version will get a great deal of profit and a certain amount of surprise from reading the translation here presented. And those who are unfamiliar with this remarkable book would find no better introduction to it than Dr. Gordis' clear exposition.

Last Testament

STAR OF THE UNBORN. By FRANZ WERFEL. New York, Viking Press, 1946. 645 pp. \$3.00.

Reviewed by SHOLOM J. KAHN

ONE hesitates to use the sharpest edge of the critical blade when no reply is possible. Yet candor forces a judgment contrary to that of

the dead poet, who considered his last work to have been his greatest achievement. *Star of the Unborn* is surely neither tragedy nor comedy of any high seriousness, but rather at most a bewilderingly attractive piece of pathos.

FRANZ WERFEL lived and died true to his fate: a physical and spiritual exile. His "adaptability," of which he boasted so often, can only have been superficial, since his later works represented a consistent attempt to escape from harsh contemporary realities by absorption in mysticism and especially in the mysteries of Catholic theology. Clayton Reeves (in *Hearken Unto the Voice*) was also depicted as "possessed" by a tortured temperament and as confessing to experiences like those of "F.W.": "When, as a child of six, I saw the ocean for the first time, I fainted." Reeves' maladjustment in the present was resolved by a queer sort of "time-stuff" that transported him into the past of Jeremiah's age; in *Star of the Unborn*, F. W. makes an even more fantastic leap into the future.

This "travel story" does not fall short because of any flagging of Werfel's fancy or of his ability as a story-teller. The three days F. W. spends in the Eleventh Cosmic Capital Year of Virgo (about 100,000 years from now) are full of varied characters and episodes, suspense, satire, and writing that is always clever and occasionally moving. In the course of an intricately woven plot, the reader is treated to skilful descriptions of an "Astromental" world; "Comet Calisthenics through the Lower Intermundium"; visits to Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter; "a tour through the Lamaseries of the Starrovers, Marvelers, and Foreignfeellers"; the proper dose of sex interest; a battle between the Mental civilization and the "swinish hub-bub" of a revived "Jungle" humanity; and a whopping climax involving escape from a sort of hell called the "Wintergarden."

Thus, there is much to remember—and forget. The total effect is not much more rewarding than that produced by good "science fiction," with Einstein and Catholicism bringing H. G. Wells up-to-date.

Futuristic fantasy, of course, is significant chiefly as a key to, or satire on, the present, and it is here that Werfel constantly betrays his sense of guilt and inadequacy. Occasional flashbacks, probing F. W.'s past, provide some of the best writing in the book, and the only two institutions depicted as surviving from the 20th century are the Catholic Church and the Jew. An Orthodox "King Saul" (from Rembrandt) and his radical son, Io-Joel Sid (short for Sidney), conform to typical Gentile stereo-

types of the Jew, and F. W. even takes the Catholic side in a medieval disputation borrowed from the history of the Jews in 14th century Spain.

In structure and detail, the book is imbued with Catholic feeling and doctrine. At one point, practically all the moderns (Voltaire, Kant, Marx, Darwin, Freud, Schopenhauer, and Dewey!) are exorcised as heretics; and analogies to Dante are frequently drawn, if not labored. Werfel even proves that those who "maintained that only three hundred thousand angels could dance on the point of a needle" had "underestimated reality"! Yet even with the Grand Bishop, who is treated as the final source of wisdom, Werfel's tone cannot help but be his usual mixture of seriousness and arrogance and flippancy. Not even in the Church is he completely at home.

Thus, in spiritual exile, Werfel spent his last years on a skilfully wrought mixture of melodrama, crude superstition, pseudo-scientific fantasy, and occasional flashes of insight and wisdom. The depth of his failure can only be measured by the magnitude of his attempt, the extent of his undoubted talents, and the fact that, as he confesses in his first chapter, he knew what he was doing all the time: "My time is short and I am wasting it unscrupulously." What a pity!

More Than a Conspiracy

IT'S A SECRET. By HENRY HOKE. New York, Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946. 312 pp. \$2.50.

TIME BOMB. By E. A. PILLER. New York, Arco Publishing Co., 1945. 194 pp. \$2.00.

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

BOTH of these books are exposés of fascist groups and individuals in America. They are fact-books—and little else. As such, they are often valuable, even interesting. But if their purpose is to afford weapons with which to fight fascism effectively, they must be counted failures (of a type becoming increasingly common). For both Mr. Hoke and Mr. Piller lack a theoretical understanding of fascism, and so can offer their readers no substantial perspective for overcoming it. In identifying fascist organizations they are guided purely by rule-of-thumb criteria, such as anti-Semitism, Anglophobia, red-baiting, the anti-New Deal line, pro-Germanism, etc., etc. And they merely

identify, they never analyze. Viewed seriously, these volumes are but partial contributions to a "Who's Who in American Fascism," offering a skeleton history of the continually disappearing and reappearing fascist groups in this country.

It's a Secret is the less worthwhile of the two books. Mr. Hoke describes himself as "a businessman who does anti-Nazi crusading on the side." Unfortunately, the avocational nature of his work shows through rather vividly. He writes poorly—e.g., his unbelievable use of ellipses, which leaves the reader literally with spots before the eyes. His chief concern is with the fact that the testimony given before the three Washington grand juries (July 1941 to January 1944) that investigated seditious activities and handed down the indictments for the infamous sedition trials, has never been made public. Hence his title. He reminds the reader of this secrecy on every third page. Apart from a few oblique intimations—that the Department of Justice responded to Congressional pressure, for instance—he offers precious little explanation of this secrecy.

Time Bomb is at least written in an adequate journalistic style. (Mr. Piller was formerly book editor of *Liberty*.) It also gives a more inclusive picture of present fascist groupings. But even Mr. Piller, despite a certain amount of squirming, does not manage to get out from under the attitude that vitiates both books: the notion that fascism can be fought by mere exposé. The kaleidoscopic ideology of fascism either has a significant relation to the serious and real problems of its audience, or it does not. If it has none, then it is all sound and fury, and we can laugh at it; we need not even "expose" it. But if fascism does operate on the ground of real frustrations, then the cure must be sought where the causes lie. Publicizing the fact that a certain Congressman had a book published by a Nazi-controlled firm, although useful, will not mean very much. Spotlighting such facts does not solve the real social problems that constitute the fertile ground in which the seeds of the Congressman's propaganda flourish.

Observe, for example, the propaganda the Commoner Party of Georgia directs toward the poor farmers in the South: "The Gentiles go out and produce the wealth and the Jews stay in cities with their profit-taking system to grab it as the Gentiles bring it in." In part, the audience of this lie had no direct knowledge of modern Jews nor any interest in them. But these farmers are now oppressed by a profit-taking system. If they were not, this propaganda would have no effect on them. The

farmers must be shown who is actually oppressing them, and what they can do about it. *Nothing else will suffice.*

"Fascism's secret weapon in America is the average American's unwillingness to recognize fascism," says Mr. Piller. As yet, thank God, this is a partial truth. But it would be even truer to say that fascism derives a terrible strength from the liberal American's unwillingness to recognize fascism *for what it is.*

We still need two books—and many more—which will "expose" the ground on which fascist ideology bears fruit.

Minorities and the State

NATIONALITIES AND NATIONAL MINORITIES. By OSCAR JANOWSKY. New York, Macmillan, 1945. 232 pp. \$2.75.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND NATIONAL MINORITIES. By Pablo de Azcarate. Washington-New York, Carnegie Endowment, Columbia University Press, 1945. 216 pp. \$2.00.

Reviewed by MAURICE GOLDBLOOM

THE relations of the state both to the individuals who compose it, and to the sub-groups into which its component individuals form themselves, has always been a fertile source of conflict. As recent history abundantly testifies, this conflict has not always taken purely intellectual forms.

There are three possible approaches to a formula for minimizing this conflict—on the basis of the needs and rights of the state, of those of men as individuals, or of those of the various groups, not coincidental with the state, into which men tend to unite. These approaches are not, of course, mutually exclusive; if they were, human society would be impossible. Nevertheless there is a conflict of emphasis.

The traditional liberal view has emphasized the rights of the individual. It has held, moreover, that if the rights of men were respected, those of the various groups into which they formed themselves would be automatically secured. The practical effect of this doctrine in the 19th century was, of course, to enable the strong to oppress the weak with impunity; it therefore led to a revulsion in favor of the state. Both these approaches, however, have been alike in that they have assumed that the relation of the state to its citizens was necessarily a direct one, and that it was unnecessary

to give special attention to the problems of intermediate cultural or religious groups.

Nevertheless, such groups continue to exist and to offer problems to which neither the individualist nor the statist approach furnishes ready answers.

THE peace-makers of Versailles, attempting to reconcile the idea of national self-determination with the obvious impossibility of drawing ethnic boundaries in Eastern Europe, placed some of the national minorities in that area under international protection in certain respects. The administration of these provisions can hardly be said to have been a howling success. Conflicts between the states of the area and their minorities played a significant role in the genesis of World War II. Some of the reasons for this are indicated by both Dr. de Azcarate, who for some years served as director of the Minorities Questions Section of the League of Nations, and by Professor Janowsky. Both, while critical of the League minorities regime, feel that it had important accomplishments to its credit. It is interesting to note, however, that in some respects they tend to draw diametrically opposed conclusions from the same data. Thus Professor Janowsky considers the work of Felix Calonder, as president of the Mixed Commission for Upper Silesia, as having been outstandingly successful; Dr. de Azcarate, on the other hand, appears to feel that it was not. Again, Dr. de Azcarate defends the efforts of the Minorities Section to reach political agreements with the various states involved, whereas Professor Janowsky feels that this tended in fact to result in a disregard for the rights of minorities.

These differences of interpretation naturally lead to different conclusions. Professor Janowsky feels that the defect of minority protection under the League was that it did not go far enough; this he would remedy by giving the minorities of Eastern Europe corporate status under international guarantees. He resolutely opposes such "solutions" as compulsory transfer of populations and forced assimilation. Dr. de Azcarate has no greater liking for what he terms "the suppression of minorities," but he would amend the League minorities procedure in a direction contrary to that proposed by Professor Janowsky, by subordinating guarantees of the corporate rights of minorities to a general charter of human rights.

This difference of approach is especially noticeable in the treatment of the status of Jews in Eastern Europe. Dr. de Azcarate holds that it was a mistake to include religious minorities—specifically the Jews—under the protection

of the minorities treaties. And he goes to the preposterous extreme of asserting that Polish policy toward the Jews "could have been cited as a model of governmental policy towards minorities." Dr. Janowsky, on the other hand, emphasizes that the Jews of Eastern Europe form a national-cultural minority, and objects strongly to the attempt to identify them as members of the various nationalities of that area, differing only in religion from their co-nationals.

Despite his peculiar interpretation of the status of Polish Jews, Dr. de Azcarate appears on the whole to appraise the difficulties involved in minority protection more realistically than Professor Janowsky. And he points to one basic problem that Professor Janowsky does not touch when he asks: "Does the adoption of the rule of equality mean, for instance, that if the state authorities subject the majority to treatment which outrages the elementary principles of humanity, the minorities must resign themselves to becoming victims of such treatment as well?"

Professor Janowsky urges that minorities be specifically accorded proportionate treatment in respect to the uses of public funds. But he does not deal with the possibility that this would not merely permit but require the use of the *numerus clausus*. Indeed, however much one may prefer Professor Janowsky's recommendations to the actual policies at present being carried out in Eastern Europe, his book suffers from an emphasis on legal forms to the exclusion of their social content. This shows itself in his emphasis on the cultural aspects of minority rights—although as a matter of historical fact even in the few cases when these have been the apparent cause of discontent they have merely served as expressions of more basic political and economic conflicts. It is also evident in his unrealistic treatment of the relation between British and Boers in South Africa. Dr. Janowsky regards the Union of South Africa as a successful multi-national state; in fact, it represents an uneasy coalition between two violently antagonistic white groups, containing between them less than a quarter of the population, to perpetuate the subjection of the black majority.

Dr. Janowsky accepts at its face value the nationalities policy of the Soviet Union. This is a consequence of his emphasis on cultural factors, for there can be no question that the U.S.S.R. has gone far to encourage the cultural development of the various national minorities within its borders—except where that cultural development might have separatist political implications. But this has by no means

eliminated national discontents or reconciled the various minorities to central rule. All the borderlands of the Soviet Union had to be reconquered by military force after they had broken away in the early stages of the Revolution, and centrifugal tendencies remain strong, as this war has proved. Four of the Autonomous Republics of the Russian Federated Soviet Republic were deprived of their autonomy because of the assistance they rendered the invader. It does not appear that cultural autonomy is in fact a substitute for political freedom, whether for minorities or majorities.

The multi-national state is, as the case of Switzerland proves, feasible enough under certain circumstances. It may even be, as Professor Janowsky believes, an adequate solution to the complicated national and cultural problems of Eastern Europe. But most of the attempts to achieve it have been far less successful in real life than its advocates seem to believe, and a misinterpretation of history in this respect can only lead to a dangerous underestimation of the difficulties in the way of such a solution.

The Nazi's Best Weapon

MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH: THE FALLACY OF RACE. By M. E. ASHLEY MONTAGU. With a foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York, Columbia University Press, 1945. 304 pp. \$3.25.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

SOME clever mathematician once computed that, theoretically, every person now alive had one billion ancestors in the generation of the year 1000 A.D.; while each of the latter had a billion in the generation of Jesus Christ. The logical conclusion is simple: there exist no pure races. If mankind preferred to think logically, there would be no need for Professor Montagu's book. Unfortunately, this is not the case.

Realizing the impressiveness of the printed word, the professor puts the entirely unscientific term *race* between quotation marks whenever he uses it. Introduced—but only in its zoological sense—into scientific literature by the French naturalist Buffon as late as 1749, the term "race" received its pernicious political and social implications only in a much later era, during the struggle between slave-holders and abolitionists. The former, searching for arguments to combat their opponents, ushered in the concept of "superior" and "inferior"

racess, the latter being, of course, the Negro slaves imported from Africa. In the middle of the nineteenth century a reactionary Frenchman and pseudo-scientist, Gobineau, wrote a dubious story on *L'inégalité des races humaines* in order to combat the dogma of the French Revolution that all men are created equal.

From Gobineau the road leads directly to the Kaiser's favorite "philosopher," Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and to Hitler. The latter, incidentally, admitted to Rauschning that he actually considered racism plain nonsense: "I know perfectly well," he said, "just as well as all these tremendously clever intellectuals, that in the scientific sense there is no such thing as race." But: "with the conception of race, National Socialism will carry its revolution abroad and recast the world."

Dr. Montagu concludes that there exist four more or less distinct divisions of mankind—Negroid or black, Archaic white or Australoid, Caucasoid or white, and Mongoloid. None of these great divisions is unmixed, nor is any of the countless ethnic subdivisions "pure." In all likelihood, we all are derived from the same ancestral stock, and the so-called races simply constitute different kinds of temporary mixtures of the genetic materials common to all human beings.

It is, to a large extent, geographic and social barriers that make for the differences between ethnic groups; once these barriers are overcome the differences decrease as the influence of common environment and intermarriage increases. The author violently assails the notion of superior and inferior races. Not only skin color, even brain size has no inherent relation to intelligence. If the Negro's brain is, in general, smaller than the white man's, the cranial capacity of the uncouth Neanderthal man, on the other hand, was larger than that of any existing group of humans.

Dr. Montagu devotes a full chapter to the question, "Are the Jews a 'Race'?" He answers in the negative. The Jews are a mixture of original Arab tribes with Canaanites, Amorites, Amalekites, Kenites, Egyptians and Hittites, not to mention the various modern nations with whom they mixed, at least to a certain degree, in the Diaspora. According to Montagu, it is "membership in Jewish culture" that makes a Jew a Jew. He does not agree with Huxley and Haddon, who called the Jews a "pseudo-national" group: "It would be better to call the Jews a quasi-national rather than a pseudo-national group, for there is

nothing 'pseudo' about their nationalistic cultural traits, even though they may not be definitely recognized as a nation neatly delimited by definite geographic boundaries. It is by virtue of the traits of this quasi-Jewish national culture that a Jewish community may be said to exist and that any person exhibiting these traits may be recognized as a Jew, whether he is an adherent of the Jewish religion or not. Such traits are not inborn, but acquired, and they have nothing whatever to do with biological or so called 'racial' conditions. They are conditioned by culture alone."

But the term "quasi-national" group does not sound satisfactory either. This reviewer prefers Milton Steinberg's division of the Jews into three stages of development: "A minority nationality in Central and Eastern Europe, an emerging nation in Palestine, and a religious-cultural group in Western democratic lands."

A practical question arises: what can be done to eradicate "race" hatred? Dr. Montagu traces it to economic and psychological factors. "Race" hatred acts as an outlet for the aggressiveness of the individual. Dr. Montagu

suggests that every ethnic group within our democracy should be given "an equal opportunity, and it may be predicted that one will find between minds only such differences as now exist between individuals of the same ethnic group who have enjoyed equal cultural opportunities." Education should stress the individual's understanding of the simple fundamental facts of his own nature ("for to understand others it is first necessary to understand oneself"). Man must be furnished with outlets for his aggressiveness "which will result in benefits both to the individual and through him to society." Above all, his inborn drive must be strengthened "toward social and co-operative behavior," which the author considers "biologically the most important" drive within man.

The book, which now appears in a second, revised and enlarged edition, is written in clear, concise prose. It ought to be read, not only by fellow-scientists, but also by the layman, Jewish and non-Jewish, both in different degree targets and victims of "man's most dangerous myth."

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ISRAEL KNOX, former editor of the *Workmen's Circle Call*, has written a number of reviews for COMMENTARY.

NORBERT GUTERMAN's articles, reviews and translations have appeared in *Partisan Review*, the *New Republic* and other magazines. His translation of Bella Chagall's reminiscences will be published soon.

DAVID DAICHES, the Scottish-born literary critic, is now with the British Embassy in Washington.

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